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JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The effort to interest her husband in things purely intellectual failed, and a shade of disappointment settled on the feelings of Mrs. Dexter. She soared, altogether, too far up into the mental atmosphere for him. He thought her too ideal and transcendental; and she felt that only the sensual principles in his mind were living and active. Conversation died between them, and both relapsed into that abstracted silence—musing on one side and moody on the other—which filled so large a portion of their time when together.

"Shall we go down to the parlors?" said Mr. Dexter, rousing himself. "The afternoon is running away fast towards evening."

"I am more fatigued than usual," was answered, "and do not care to make my appearance before tea time. You go down; and I will occupy myself with a book. When the tea-bell rings, I will wait for you to come and escort me to the table."

Mr. Dexter did not urge her to leave their rooms, but went down as she had suggested. The moment he left her, there occurred a marked change in her whole appearance. She was sitting on a lounge by the window. Instead of rising to get a book, or seeking for any external means of passing a solitary hour, she slunk down in her seat, letting her eyes droop gradually to the floor. At first, her countenance was disturbed; but its aspect changed to one of deep abstraction. And thus she sat for nearly an hour. The opening of her room door startled her into a life of external consciousness. Her husband entered. She glanced up at his face, and saw that something had occurred to ruffle his feelings. He looked at her strangely for some moments, as if searching for expected meanings in her countenance.

"Are you not well?" Mrs. Dexter asked.

"Oh, yes. I'm well enough," he answered, with unusual abruptness of manner.

She said no more, and he commenced pacing the floor of their small parlor backwards and forwards with restless footsteps.

Once, without moving her head or body, Mrs. Dexter stole a glance toward her husband; she encountered his eyes, turned as stealthily upon her, and scanning her face with an earnest scrutiny. A moment their eyes lingered, mutually spell-bound, and then the glances were mutually withdrawn. Mr. Dexter continued his nervous perambulations, and his wife remained seated and silent.

The ringing of a bell announced tea. Mr. Dexter paused, and Mrs. Dexter, rising without remark, took his arm, and they went down to the dining hall, neither of them speaking a word. On taking her place at the table, Mrs. Dexter's eyes ran quickly up and down the lines of faces opposite. This was done with so slight a movement of the head, that her husband, who was on the alert, did not detect the rapid observation. For some three or four minutes the guests came filing in, and all the while, Mrs. Dexter kept glancing from face to face. She did not move her head, nor seem interested in the people around her; but her eyes told a very different story. Twice the waiter asked if she would take tea or coffee, before he noticed him, and her answer, "Coffee," apprised her watchful husband of the fact that she was more than usually lost in thought.

"Not coffee?" Mr. Dexter bent to his wife's ear.

"No, black tea," she said, quickly, partly turning to the waiter. "I was not thinking," she added, speaking to her husband. At the moment Mrs. Dexter turned towards the waiter, she leaned forward, over the table, and gave a rapid glance down at the row of faces on that side; and in replying to her husband, she managed to do the same thing for the other end of the table. No change in her countenance attested the fact that her search for some desired, or expected personage had been successful. The half emptied cup of tea, and only broken piece of toast lying on her plate, showed plainly enough that either indisposition, or mental disturbance, had deprived her of all appetite.

From the tea table they went to one of the parlors. Only a few gentlemen and ladies were there, most of the guests preferring a stroll out of doors, or an evening drive.

"Shall we ride? It is early yet, and the full moon will rise as the sun goes down."

"I have ridden enough to-day," Mrs. Dexter answered. "Fatigue has made me nervous. But don't let that prevent your taking a drive."

"I shall not enjoy it unless you are with me," said Mr. Dexter.

"Then I will go." Mrs. Dexter did not speak fretfully, nor in the martyr tone we often hear, but in a voice of unexpected cheerfulness. "Order the carriage," she added, as she rose. "I will get my bonnet and shawl, and join you here by the time it is at the door."

"No—no, Jessie! Not if you are so fatigued. I had forgotten our journey to-day," interposed Mr. Dexter.

"A ride in the bracing salt air will do me good, perhaps. I am, at least, disposed to make the trial. So order the carriage, and I will be with you in a moment."

Mrs. Dexter spoke with a suddenly outdash-

ing animation, and then left her husband to make preparations for accompanying him in the drive. She had passed through the parlor door on to one of the long porticos of the building, and was moving rapidly, when, just before reaching the end, where another door communicated with a stairway, she suddenly stood still, face to face with a man who had stepped from that door out upon the portico.

"Jess—Mrs. Dexter!" The man checked the unguarded utterance of her familiar Christian name, and gave the other designation.

"Mr. Hendrickson!" Only for an instant did Mrs. Dexter betray herself; but in that instant her heart was read, as if a blaze of lightning had flashed over one of its pages long hidden away in darkness, and revealed the writing thereon in letters of gleaming fire.

"You arrived to-day?" Mr. Hendrickson also regained the even balance of mind which had momentarily been lost, and regained it as quickly as the lady. He spoke with the pleased air of an acquaintance—nothing more.

"This afternoon," replied Mrs. Dexter in a quiet tone, and with a smile in which no casual observer could have seen anything deeper than pleasant recognition.

"How long will you remain?"

"It is not certain; perhaps until the season closes."

Mrs. Dexter made a motion to pass on. Mr. Hendrickson raised his hat and bowed very respectfully; and thus the sudden interview ended.

Mr. Dexter had followed his wife to the door of the parlor, and stood looking at her as she retired along the portico. This meeting with Hendrickson was, therefore, in full view. A sudden paleness overspread his countenance; and from his convulsed lips there fell a bitter imprecation.

On reaching her apartments, Mrs. Dexter was so weak that she could not sit down upon the first chair she forced to obtain. A dead pallor was in her face.

"Oh, give me strength—self control—motives to duty!"—in weakness and fear her quivering heart cried upwards.

"Jessie!" How long she had been sitting thus Mrs. Dexter knew not. She started. It was the voice of her husband.

"Not ready yet I see!" His tones were rough—his manner excited. "And the carriage has stood at the door for ten minutes."

"I am ready!" she answered, starting up, and lifting her bonnet from the bed.

"It's no matter now. The sun is setting, and I have ordered the carriage back to the stable. You only consented to go on my account; and I am impatient under mere acquiescence."

"You wrong me, Mr. Dexter," said his wife, with unusual earnestness of manner. "I am ready to go with you at all times; and I strive in all things to give you pleasure. Did I hesitate a moment when you suddenly declared your wish to leave Saratoga for Newport?"

"No, of course you did not; for you were too glad of the opportunity to get here. There was a strange gleam in the eyes of Mr. Dexter as he said this; and his voice had in it an angry bitterness never before observed."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the outraged wife, turning upon her husband abruptly, and showing an aspect so stern and fierce, that the astonished man retreated a pace or two as if in fear. Never before had he seen in that beautiful face the reflection of a spirit so wildly disturbed by passion.

"Speak out, Leon Dexter! What do you mean?"

And her eyes rested on his with a glance as steady as an eagle's.

"I saw your meeting a little while ago."

Mr. Dexter rallied a little.

"What meeting?" There was no betraying sign in Mrs. Dexter's face, nor the least faltering in her tones.

"Your meeting with him."

"With whom? Speak out plainly, sir! I am in no mood for trifling, and in no condition for solving riddles."

"With Paul Hendrickson," Dexter pronounced the name slowly, and with all the meaning emphasis he could throw into his voice.

"Well, sir, what of that?" Still neither eye nor voice faltered.

"Much? You see that I understand you!"

"I see that you do not understand me," was firmly answered. "And now, sir, will you suffer me to demand an explanation of your language just now. I want no evasion—no faltering—no holding back. Too glad of an opportunity to get here! That was the sentence. Its meaning, sir?"

The small head of Mrs. Dexter was erect; her nostrils distended; her lips closely laid upon each other; her eyes full, fixed, and almost fiery in their intense light. Suddenly she was transformed in the eyes of her husband from a yielding, gentle, though cold woman into the very spirit of accusation and defiance. He was silent; for he saw that he had gone too far.

"That must be explained, sir!" She was not to be turned aside. "I have noted your capricious conduct; your singular glances at times; your strange moodiness without apparent cause."



THE MEETING IN THE PORTICO.

A little light has given a faint impression of their meaning. But I must have the full blaze of your thoughts. Nothing else will satisfy me now."

She paused. Mr. Dexter had indeed gone a step too far, a fact of which he was painfully aware. He had conjured up a spirit that it might not be easy to lay.

"You are too excited. Calm yourself," he said.

Turning from her husband, Mrs. Dexter crossed the room, and seating herself upon a sofa, said, in a quiet way—

"Sit down beside me, Mr. Dexter. I am calm. Sit down and speak; for your recent language must be explained. Evasion will be fruitless—I will not accept of it."

"I spoke hastily. Forget my words."

Mr. Dexter sat down beside his wife, and spoke in a gentle, soothing manner.

"It is all in vain, Mr. Dexter! All in vain! Yours were no idle words; and I can never forget them. You have greatly misapprehended your wife, I see; and the quicker you know this, the better it will be for both of us. The time has come for explanation—and it shall be made! Why did I wish to come to Newport?"

"You knew that Paul Hendrickson was here," said Mr. Dexter. "That was the reason!"

"It is false, sir!" was the quick and sharp rejoinder.

"Jessie! beware how you speak!" The angry blood mounted to the very brow of the husband.

"It is false, sir!" she repeated, even more emphatically, if that were possible. "Of his movements I am as ignorant as you are!"

"I cannot tamely bear such words," said Mr. Dexter, still much excited.

"And I will not bear such imputations," was firmly rejoined.

Mr. Dexter arose, and commenced the unsatisfactory movement of pacing the floor. Mrs. Dexter remained sitting firmly erect, her eyes following the form of her husband.

"We will drop the subject now and forever," said the former, stopping, at length, in front of his wife.

Mrs. Dexter did not reply.

"I may have been too hasty."

"May have been!" There was contempt on the lip, and indignation in the voice of Mrs. Dexter.

"Yes, may. We are certain of nothing in this world," said her husband, coldly. "And now, as I said, we will drop the subject."

"It is easier to say than to unsay, Mr. Dexter. The sentiment is very true, but it involves a world of meaning sometimes, and—" she paused, then added, with marked emphasis—"does now!"

Mr. Dexter made no response, and there the matter ended for the time; each of the ill-assorted partners farther from happiness than they had yet been since the day of their unfortunate union.

CHAPTER XIV.

An hour later: Scene, the public parlor.

"Mrs. Dexter!"

The lady rose, a pleasant smile animating her face, and returned the gentleman's courteous greeting.

"Mr. Hendrickson." Yes, that was the name on her lips.

"You arrived to-day," he said, as he took a place at the other end of the little table.

"Yes."

"From Saratoga, I believe?"

"Yes. How long have you been at Newport?"

"I arrived only this morning. You are looking very well, Mrs. Dexter."

"Am I?"

"Yes. Time lays his hands upon you lightly!"

The shadow of another's presence came between them.

talkative, and with an exterior as unruffled as a mountain lake.

"How long will you remain?" she asked, speaking to Mr. Hendrickson.

"Several days."

"Ah! I am pleased to hear you say so. I left some very pleasant friends at Saratoga, but yours is the only familiar face I have yet seen here."

"I saw Mr. and Mrs. Florence just now," said Mr. Dexter.

"Did you?"

"Yes. There they are, at the lower end of the parlor. Do you see them?"

Mrs. Dexter turned her eyes in the direction indicated by her husband, and replied in an indifferent manner.

"Oh, yes."

"Mrs. Florence is looking at you now. Won't you go over and see her?"

"After a while," replied Mrs. Dexter. Then turning to Mr. Hendrickson, she said,

"These summer resorts are the dull places imaginable without congenial friends."

"So I should think. You can scarcely know the absence of these. I heard of you at Saratoga, as forming the centre of one of the most agreeable and intelligent circles there."

"Ah!" Mrs. Dexter was betrayed into something like surprise.

"Yes. I saw Miss Arden in New York, as I came through. She had been to Saratoga."

"Miss Arden? I don't remember her," said Mrs. Dexter.

"She resides in B—"

"Miss Arden? Miss Arden?" Mrs. Dexter seemed curious. "What is her appearance?"

"Tall, with a very graceful figure. Complexion dark enough to make her pass for a brunette. Large black eyes and raven hair."

"In company with her mother?" said Mrs. Dexter.

"Yes."

"I remember her now. She was quite the belle at Saratoga. But I was not so fortunate as to make her acquaintance. She sings wonderfully. Few professional artists are so gifted."

"You have used the right word," said Mr. Hendrickson. "Her musical powers are wonderful. I wish you knew her—she is a charming girl."

"You must help me to that knowledge on our return to B—"

"Nothing would give me more pleasure. I am sure you will like each other," said Hendrickson, warmly.

From that point in the conversation Mrs. Dexter began to lose her self-possession, and free, out-spoken manner. The subject was changed, but the airiness of tone and lightness of speech were gone. Just in time, Mrs. Florence came across the room, joining the circle, and saving her from a betrayal of feelings that she would not, on any account, have manifested.

Mrs. Florence was a woman of taste. She had been in New York a few days previously, whither she had gone to hear a celebrated European singer, whose fame had preceded her. Her allusion to this fact led to an introduction of the subject of music. Hendrickson made some remarks that arrested her attention, when quite an animated conversation sprang up between them. Mrs. Dexter did not join in it; but sat a closely observant listener. The young man's criticisms on the art of music surprised her. They were so new, so analytical, and so comprehensive. He had evidently studied the subject, not as an artist, but as a philosopher—but with so clear a comprehension of the art, that from the mere science, he was able to lead the mind upward into the fullest appreciation of the grand ideal.

Now and then as he talked, Mr. Dexter passed in a brief sentence; but to the keen, intelligent perception of his wife, what mere sounding words were his empty common-places! The contrast between him and Hendrickson was painful. It was in vain that she tried not to make this contrast. It thrust itself upon her, in spite of all resistance.

Mr. Florence had crossed the room with his wife, and joined the little circle. He did not take part in the conversation, and now said, rising as he spoke,

"Come, Dexter; let you and I have a game of billiards."

He laid his hand familiarly on the arm of Mr. Dexter, and that individual could not refuse to accept the invitation. They left the room together. This withdrawal of Mr. Dexter put both his wife and Mr. Hendrickson more at their ease. Both felt his absence as a relief. For a time the conversation was chiefly conducted by the latter and Mrs. Florence, only an occasional remark falling from the lips of Mrs. Dexter, and that almost extorted by question or reference. But gradually she was drawn in, and led on, until she was the talker and they the listeners.

When interested in conversation, a fine enthusiasm always gave to the manners of Mrs. Dexter a charming grace, and to her beautiful countenance a higher beauty. She was almost fascinating. Never had Hendrickson felt her power

as he felt it now, while looking into her animated face, and listening to sentiment, description, criticism or anecdote, flowing from her lips in eloquent language, and evincing a degree of taste, discrimination, refinement and observation he could scarcely have imagined in one of her age.

He was leaning towards her, and listening with rapt interest, his countenance and eyes full of admiration, when a quick, impatient shew caused him to look up. As he did so, he encountered the severe face and piercing eyes of Mr. Dexter. The sudden change in the expression of his countenance warned Mrs. Dexter of the presence of her husband, who had approached quietly, and was standing a pace or two behind his wife. But not the slightest consciousness of this presence did her manner exhibit. She kept on talking as before, and talking to Mr. Hendrickson.

"Will you go with me now, Mrs. Dexter?" said her husband, coming forward, and making a motion as if about to offer his arm.

"Not yet, if you please, Mr. Dexter," was smilingly answered. "I am too much interested in this good company. Come, sit down here," and she made room for him on the sofa.

But he stood still.

"Then amuse yourself a little longer," said his wife, in a gay voice. "I will be ready to go with you after a while."

Mr. Dexter moved away, disappointed, and commenced pacing the floor of the long parlor. At every turn his keen eyes took in the aspect of the little group, and particularly the meaning of his wife's face, as it turned to Mr. Hendrickson, either in the play of expression, or warm with the listener's interest. The sight half-maddened him. Three times, in the next half-hour, he said to his wife, as he paused in his restless promenade before her,

"Come, Jessie."

But she only threw him a smiling negative, and became still more interesting to her friends. At last, and of her own will, she arose, and bowing, with a face all smiles and eyes dancing in light, to Mr. Hendrickson and Mrs. Florence, she stepped forward, and placing her hand on the arm of her husband, went like a sunbeam from the room.

CHAPTER XV.

"Madam!"

They had reached their own apartments, and Mrs. Dexter was moving forward past her husband. The stern, imperative utterance caused her to pause and turn round.

"We leave for home in the morning!" said Mr. Dexter.

"If?" His wife looked at him fixedly as she made the simple interrogation.

"Yes, we?" was answered, and in the voice of one who had made up his mind, and did not mean to be thwarted in his purpose.

"Mr. Dexter?" His wife stood very erect before him; her eyes did not quail beneath his angry glances; nor was there any sign of weakness in her low, even tones. "Let me warn you now—and regard the warning as for all time—against any attempt to coerce me into obedience to your arbitrary exactions. Your conduct to-night was simply disgraceful—humiliating to yourself, and mortifying and unjust to your wife. Let us have no more of this. There is a high wall between us, Mr. Dexter—high as heaven and deep as—"

Her feelings were getting the rein, and she checked herself. "Your own hands have builded it," she resumed, in a colder tone, "but your own hands, I fear, have not the strength to pull it down. Love you, I never did, and you knew it from the beginning; love you I never can. That is a simple impossibility. But true to you as steel to the magnet in all the externals of my life, I have been and shall continue to be, even to the end of this unhappy union. As a virtuous woman, I could be nothing less. The outrage I have suffered this day from your hands, is irreparable. I never imagined it would come to this. I did not dream that it was in you to charge upon your wife the meditation of a crime the deepest it is possible for a woman to commit. That you were weakly jealous, I saw; and I came here in cheerful acquiescence to your whim, in order to help you to get right. But this very act of cheerful acquiescence was made the ground of a charge that shocked my

being to the inmost, and changed me toward you irrevocably."

The stern, angry aspect of Mr. Dexter was all gone. It seemed as if emotion had suddenly exhausted itself.

"We had better go home to-morrow," he spoke in a subdued voice. "Neither of us can find enjoyment here."

"I shall not be ready to-morrow, nor the next day either," was the out-spoken reply. "To go thus hurriedly, after your humiliating exhibition of distrust, would only be to give free rein to the tongue of scandal; and that I wish to avoid."

"It has free rein already," said Mr. Dexter. "At Saratoga I heard your name lightly spoken, and brought you away for that very reason. You are not chary enough of yourself in these public places. I know men better than you do."

"If a light word was spoken of me, sir, at Saratoga or any where else, you alone are to blame. My conduct has warranted no such freedom of speech. But I can easily imagine how men will think lightly of a woman when her husband shows watchfulness and suspicion. It half maddens me, sir, to have this disgrace put upon me. To-morrow week I will go home, if you then desire it. Not a day earlier! And I warn you against any more such exhibitions as we have had to-night. If you cannot take pleasure in society that is congenial to my taste, leave me to my enjoyment; but don't mar it with your cloudy presence. And set this down as a truism—the wife that must be watched, is not worth having."

For utterances like these, Mr. Dexter was not prepared. They stunned and weakened him. He felt that he had a spirit to deal with that might easily be driven to desperation. A man, if resolute, he had believed might control the actions of almost any woman—that woman being his wife. And he had never doubted the result of marital authority, should he at any time deem it necessary to lay upon Mrs. Dexter an iron hand. The occasion, as he believed, had arrived; the hand was put forth; the will was resolute; but his vice-like grip closed upon the empty air! The spirit with which he had to deal was of subtler essence and more vigorous life than he had imagined.

How suddenly were Mrs. Dexter's wifely, unselfish and self-denying purposes in regard to her husband scattered upon the winds! She had come to Newport, resolved to be all to him that it was possible for her to be—even to the withdrawing of herself more from social circles in which attractive men formed a part. The admonitions of Mrs. De Lisle sunk deeply into her heart. She saw her relation to her husband in a new aspect. He had larger claims upon her than she had admitted heretofore. If she had been partly coerced into the attempt, she had been deceived by her promises at the altar into expecting more than it was in her power to give. She owed him not only a wife's allegiance, but a wife's tender consideration.

Alas! how suddenly had all these good purposes been withered up, like tender flowers in the biting frost! And now there was strife between them—bitterness, anger, scorn, alienation. The uneasiness which her husband had manifested for some months previously, whenever she was in free, animated conversation with gentlemen, annoyed her slightly; but she had never regarded it as a very serious affection on his part, and conscious of her own purity, believed that he would ere long see the evidence thereof, and cease to give himself useless trouble. His conduct at Saratoga, followed by the conversations with Mrs. De Lisle and Mrs. Anthony, aroused her to a truer sense of his actual state of mind. His singular, stealthy scanning of her countenance, immediately after their arrival at Newport, following, as she rightly concluded, his unexpected meeting with Hendrickson, considerably disturbed the balance of mind she had sought to gain, and this dimmed her clear perceptions of duty. His direct reference to Mr. Hendrickson, after her hurried meeting with him, filled her with indignation, and simply prepared the way for this last defiant position. She felt deeply outraged, and wholly estranged.

Icy reserve and distant formality marked the intercourse of Mr. and Mrs. Dexter from that time. It was all in vain that he sought to win back that semblance of affection which he had lost. Mrs. Dexter was too sincere a woman—too earnest and true—for broad disguises. She could be courteous, respectful, attentive to all the needs of her husband; but she could not pretend to love, when daily her heart experienced new occasions of dislike.

On the next morning, Mrs. Dexter, on going into one of the parlors, met Mr. Hendrickson. From his manner, it was evident that he had been waiting there in hopes to gain an interview. Mrs. Dexter felt displeased. She was a lawful wife, and it struck her as an implication on his part of possible dishonor on hers. He came forward to meet her as she entered the room, with a pleasant smile on his face, but she gave him a cold return. An instant change in his manner, showed the effect upon his feelings.

"I shall leave to-day," he said.

"So soon? I thought you purposed remaining for several days."

"So I did. But I have a letter this morning from the brother of Miss Arden, of whom I spoke last evening. He leaves her at Albany to-day, and asks me to join her to-morrow. They were on their way to Niagara; but unexpected business—he is a lawyer—requires him to return home; and I am to be the young lady's escort. So they have arranged the matter, and I cannot decline, of course."

"Why should you?" Mrs. Dexter schooled her voice. Its natural expression, at that time, might have betrayed a state of feeling that it would have been treason to exhibit.

"True. Why should I? The lady is charming. I was going to say that she has not her peer."

"Why not say it?" remarked Mrs. Dexter. "Because," replied Mr. Hendrickson, as his eyes withdrew themselves from the face of Mrs. Dexter, "I do not believe it. She has her peer."

"She must be a lovely woman so to captivate your fancy," said Mrs. Dexter.

"Did I say that she had captivated my fancy?" asked Hendrickson.

"If not in so many formally spoken words, yet in a language that we ladies can read at a glance," replied Mrs. Dexter, affecting a gay smile. "Well," she added, "as you are to be so largely the gainer by this sudden withdrawal from Newport, we quiet people, who cannot but miss your pleasant company, have nothing left but acquiescence. I hope to make Miss Arden's acquaintance on our return to B—."

The voice of Mrs. Dexter had a faint huskiness, and there were signs of depression which she was not able to conceal. These the watchful eyes of Mr. Hendrickson detected. But so far from taking any advantage thereof, he made an effort to divert both her mind and his own by the introduction of a more indifferent subject. They conversed for half an hour longer, but no further reference was made to Miss Arden. Then Mr. Hendrickson excused himself. Mrs. Dexter did not see him again. He left for Boston soon after, on his way to join Miss Arden at Albany.

From the parlor Mrs. Dexter returned to her own room, and did not leave them during the day. She had felt feverish on rising, and was conscious of a pressure on the brain, accompanied by a feeling of lassitude that was unusual. This condition of the system increased, as the day wore on. At dinner time, her husband urged her to go with him to the table; but she had a loathing for food, and declined. He ordered a servant to take tea, with toast and some delicacies, to her room; but when he came up again, he found them untasted.

"Was this a disease of mind or body?" Mr. Dexter asked himself the question, and studied over the solution. Notwithstanding the disturbed interview with his wife on the previous evening, he had kept his eyes on her, and noticed her meeting with Hendrickson in the parlor. Her warning, however, had proved effectual in preventing his intrusion upon them. He saw Hendrickson leave her, and noticed that she sat in deep abstraction for some time afterwards, and that when she arose, and went up to her own apartments, her face wore an expression that was unusual. Much to his surprise, he saw Hendrickson leave soon after for Boston. On examining the register, he learned that his destination was Albany.

A momentary relief was experienced at this departure; but soon mystery was suggested, and a mutual understanding between his wife and Hendrickson imagined. And so fuel was heaped on the fires of jealousy, which blazed up again as fiercely as ever. The exclusion of herself in her own room by Mrs. Dexter, following as it did immediately on the departure of Hendrickson, confirmed him in the impression that she was deeply interested in her old lover. How else could he interpret her conduct? If she were really sick, conflict of feeling, occasioned by his presence, was the cause. That to his mind was clear. And he was not so far wrong; for, in part, here lay the origin of her disturbed condition of mind and body. Still, his conclusions went far beyond the truth.

Mrs. Dexter was lying on the bed when her husband came up from dinner. She did not stir on his entrance. Her face was turned away, and partly hidden by the fringe of a pillow.

"You must eat something," he said, speaking kindly. But she neither moved nor replied.

"Jessie!" No motion nor response.

"Jessie!" Mr. Dexter stood a few feet from the bed, looking at her.

"She may be sleeping," he thought, and stepping forward, he bent down and laid his fingers lightly on her cheek. It was unnaturally cold.

"Jessie!" he uttered her name again—"are you asleep?"

"No," she replied in a feeble murmur.

"Won't you have a cup of tea?"

"No."

"Are you sick?"

She did not answer. He laid his hand upon her cheek again.

"You have fever."

A low sigh was the only response.

"Does your head ache?"

Something was said in reply, but the ear of Mr. Dexter could not make out the words.

"Jessie! Jessie! Why don't you answer me? Are you sick?"

Mr. Dexter spoke with rising impatience. Still and silent as an effigy she remained. A moment or two he strode about the room, and then went out abruptly. He came back in half an hour. There lay his wife as he had left her, and without the appearance of having stirred. A shadow of deeper concern now fell upon his spirits. Bending over the bed, and laying his hand upon her face again, he perceived that it was not only flushed, but hotter than before. He spoke, but her ears seemed shut to his voice.

"Jessie! Jessie!" He moved her gently, turning her face towards him. Her eyes were closed, her lips set firmly, and wearing an expression of pain, her forehead slightly contracted.

"Shall I call a physician?" he asked.

But she did not reply. Sudden alarm awakened in the heart of Mr. Dexter. Going to the bell, he rung it violently. To the servant who came he said, hurriedly—

"Go and find Dr. G—, and tell him that I wish to see him immediately."

The servant departed, and Dexter went back to the bed. No change had occurred in his wife. She still lay, to all appearance, in a stupor. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before Dr. G— came; the waiter had been at some trouble to find him.

"My wife seems quite ill," said Mr. Dexter, as he entered. "and, I think, requires medical attention."

Doctor G— went to the bedside and stood looking at the flushed face of Mrs. Dexter for some moments. Then he laid his hand against her cheek, and then took her wrist. Mr. Dexter, whose eyes were on him, thought he saw him start and change countenance at the first stroke of the pulse that played against his fingers.

"How long has she been in this condition?" asked the Doctor, turning with a serious aspect to Mr. Dexter.

"She has not seemed well since morning," was replied. "I noticed that she scarcely tasted food at breakfast, and she has kept her room for most of the day, lying down for a

greater part of the time. I left her on the bed when I went to dinner. She did not complain of indisposition, but seemed listless and out of spirits. I ordered tea sent up, but, as you perceive, it has not been tasted. On my return, I found her in the condition in which she now lies—apparently in a heavy sleep.

The physician did not seem to get any light from this statement. He turned his eyes again upon the face of Mrs. Dexter, and stood in deep thought for almost a minute. Then he examined her pulse again. It had a strong, rapid, wiry beat. Stooping, he looked very closely at the condition of her skin; then shook his head, and said something in an under tone.

"Do you think her seriously ill?" inquired Mr. Dexter.

"Has there been any unusual exposure; or any strong mental disturbance?" asked the doctor, not seeming to have heard the question.

"There has been mental disturbance," said Mr. Dexter.

"Of a violent character?"

"She was strongly agitated last night, at something that happened."

"Was it of a nature to leave a permanent impression on her feelings?"

"Yes." The answers were made with evident reluctance.

"Her condition is an unusual one," said the doctor, musing; and he resumed his examination of the case.

"Doctor R—, from Boston, arrived today," he looked up, and presented a very grave face to the now seriously alarmed husband. "I think he had better be consulted."

"Oh, by all means," said Mr. Dexter. "Shall I go in search of him?"

"Do you know his person?"

"I do not."

"I will go then. It may save time, and that is important."

The doctor went out hurriedly, and in less than five minutes returned with Doctor R—. The two physicians conferred for some time, speaking in under tones. Mr. Dexter heard the words "congestion of the brain" and "brain fever," with increasing alarm.

"Well, doctors, how do you decide the case?" he inquired anxiously, as their conference terminated.

"There is a strong tendency to congestion of the brain," was replied by Doctor G—, "but, it is our opinion that we can check this tendency. Your wife, Mr. Dexter, is seriously ill. An experienced nurse must be had without delay. And every possible attention given, so as to second at all points the treatment under which she will be placed. A favorable result will doubtless crown our efforts. I present the case as a serious one, because it is so in its requirement of skill and unflinching attention."

The doctors did not err in their estimate of the case. The illness of Mrs. Dexter proved to be very serious. It was a brain fever. Four weeks elapsed before she was able to be removed from Newport to her home, and then she was so feeble in body and mind as to present but the shadowy semblance of her former self.

Very slowly did health flow back through her exhausted system. But a cheerful spirit did not come with returning vigor. Her spirit had bowed itself toward the earth; and power to rise again into the bracing atmosphere and warm sunshine, was not restored for a long period.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT makes man wretched? Happiness denied? Lorenzo! no! 'tis happiness denied! She comes too meanly dressed to win our smile; And calls herself Content, a homely name! Our frame is transport, and content our scorn. Ambition tolls, and shuts the door against her, And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead.

—Young.

THE mode of measuring live elephants is to calculate that twice the circumference of the print of the fore-foot is equal to the height of the beast. In some parts of Africa they attain the enormous height of twelve feet. The ear of the African elephant is nearly three times the size of his Asiatic brother.—Dr. Livingstone.

A true picture of despair, is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that is only a few inches beyond his reach.

A lady who recently became a widow notified all the tenants of her houses that after the first of April, in accordance with the dying wishes of her late husband, she should raise all their rents ten per cent.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

A SIMPLE REASON.—The fastest ship ever built is the *Leviathan*. And why? Because, inasmuch as they cannot move her, she must necessarily be the fastest.—Punch.

If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a State, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife, a mother—two magical words—comprising the sweetest source of man's felicity. There is the reign of beauty, of love, of reason. Always to reign! A man takes counsel with his wife; he obeys his mother—he obeys her counsel after she has ceased to live, and the ideas which he has received from her become principles even stronger than his passions.—Martin.

At the late Northwestern Sabbath School Convention, Chicago, an anecdote was told of an eminent minister, who having used the word "summary" in an address to Sunday School children, corrected himself thus, "I fear, children, I have employed a term you will not readily comprehend. I allude to the term 'summary.' Children, it is synonymous with 'synopsis.'"

Custom is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority; but having, by this gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of time, fixed and established it, she then unmask a furious, tyrannical countenance, against which we have no more the courage or the power so much as to lift up our eyes.

When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood.—*Algernon Sydney*.

A STRONG SYMPTOM.—"Is Miss Blinikin at home?" asked Mr. Sanders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door. "Yes, I believe she is, sir." "Is she engaged?" "An' it's engaged you say? Faix, an' I can't tell you, sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the like uv him, an' it's engaged I believe they are, sir."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.
The subscription price of THE POST is \$3 a year in advance—paid in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

THE POST is believed to have a larger readership than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

MACAULAY ON WILLIAM PENN.
We call attention to an article we publish this week from a London journal, relative to Macaulay's slander of the founder of Pennsylvania. It will be seen that Macaulay, in the new and revised edition of his History (his-story), perseveres in his slander of Penn, and endeavors to justify himself in a note for so doing. Every candid reader, we think, will admit that he utterly fails in his effort. At the best, he merely shows a possibility that the "Penn" who acted for the sake of honor in the affair of the Taunton girls, was not George Penn, the pardon-broker, who it is proved was at Taunton at the time, but William Penn, the high-minded and benevolent Quaker. But where he has established a mere possibility, Mr. Dixon has established (to say the least) a strong probability. How utterly unfair and slanderous then is it in Macaulay, to persevere in a charge which the weight of evidence discredits, against a man whose general reputation is certainly of the very highest and noblest character.

Mr. Macaulay's father, it is said, was "disowned" by the Society of Friends. It is possible that this attempt to blacken the fame of one who was a prominent member of that society, originated in a motive of small revenge? The man who could be actuated by such a feeling, has no business with the pen of history.

Mr. Macaulay's plea in this matter, is by no means consistent with itself—as may be seen by the following epitome of it. He first denigrates the transaction as a "scandalous" one. He then says that as it was one which "ladies of rank and fashion" were interested in, it was not likely that it would be entrusted to the management of any but "a gentleman of the highest consideration." He then implies that Sir Francis Warre, who was first applied to, shrink from the offer as a personal indignity. And then confidently states (on no other authority than a letter addressed to a "Mr. Penn" that William Penn, a man celebrated for his strict views of what was noble and right, had stooped to a business that Sir Francis Warre had shrunk from. Thus we find Mr. Macaulay inclined to blow hot or cold as to the character of the transaction, and the kind of man likely to be entrusted with its management, as it suits his purposes.

But, as the *Athenaeum* says, there are only two opinions upon this subject—one, that of Baron Macaulay, the other that of the public. And good will follow from this attack on Penn—showing that a good man may do as much in his death, as some others in their lives. This calumny of William Penn has shown what amount of faith can properly be pinned to the sleeve of Baron Macaulay. Hereafter, his history will be viewed by considerate men, as a mere possible statement of what really happened—and his portraits of character be regarded more as the offspring of prejudice and rhetoric, than the truthful and natural lineaments drawn by a pen which would not brighten a virtue or deepen a fault to gain the throne of the world.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN NAPLES.—We give an interesting sketch of the recent earthquake, from the pen of a correspondent of the *London Athenaeum*, on another page. The Naples correspondent of the *London Times* says the prevalent opinion is that about 13,000 persons have perished; though only 3,665 bodies have been recovered. He further says:—

The king himself says that upwards of 15,000 have perished, and, from what I have heard, says my very sensible informant, the real number must be nearly double. People who have come from the spot, report that the groans of the sufferers were heard from beneath the ruins several days after the disaster, and that, horrible to relate, on some bodies being taken out, it was found that they had devoured a portion of their arms. There were none to aid them, none to excavate the dying, none to bury the dead, none to give bread to the famishing. Thousands of soldiers are maintained at the expense of the State to support "order," but they could not be sent to save thousands from perishing.

OMNIBUS HORSES.—Twenty-eight horses recently were sold at auction in this city for \$429—or an average of about fifteen dollars apiece. As the auctioneer had announced that he would take no bid of less than five dollars, he often had to put up two horses at a time to get a first bid of that amount. Two were "knocked down" for six dollars. Four were put up together, and brought three dollars apiece. One sold at private sale afterwards for two dollars and a-half. These horses were the property of the new City Railroad—the Legislature having enacted, in its wisdom, that the Railroad should take the horses and omnibuses of the Fifth and Sixth street lines which it displaced. As the omnibus horses of this city are generally stout, able-bodied animals, it puzzles us where the lot above referred to could have come from.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was announced to lecture in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week. Those who most decidedly dissent from his peculiar philosophical views, are always glad to hear a speaker who leaves us richer than he finds us, by the large, clear thoughts, jewel-pure, and brilliant as Eastern gems, which he drops into the mind.

TAXATION AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.
A portion of the property of "Lucy Stone," in her residence at Orange, N. J., was recently seized upon and sold to pay her taxes. Mrs. Stone—or Mrs. Blackwell, as the world would call her—is one of the advocates of what is termed "Woman's Rights," and, as she cannot vote, will not pay taxes—on the ground that representation always should accompany taxation.

Mrs. Blackwell forgets that voting and representation are not entirely synonymous terms. She forgets also, probably, that the property of a male may be taxed, and he have no right of voting either, as well as of a female. In cases where the male holder of property is a minor, or an unnaturalized foreigner, or even a citizen of another State, he can have no vote—and yet he has to pay taxes.

Taxation is in recompense, in these cases, as well as in the case of female owners, for the protection awarded to the property. Were it not for that protection, some half-dozen rowdies might enter Mrs. Blackwell's house, summarily ejecting herself and husband, and maintain possession as long as they chose. That they do not do it, is because they know that the State would not allow it. It is for this and similar protection—not a theoretical protection only, but a very practical one—that taxes are levied upon all property, whether the owner is a voter or not. In fact, in this country, the doctrine that the right of voting is based upon the possession of property, is generally denied—thousands voting who have no accumulated property whatever.

The amount of Mrs. Blackwell's taxes was about \$10—to raise which a marble table and two portraits (one of Gerrit Smith and the other of Gov. Chase, of Ohio) were sold. In putting the authorities to the trouble of selling her property, Mrs. Blackwell, in our opinion, was acting the part of a bad citizen. If she had any religious scruples as to the rightfulness of paying taxes—as the Society of Friends have to paying militia fines—we should view her conduct in a more favorable light.

VICIOUS READING.
Mr. S. A. C., of Concord, Indiana, in sending on his yearly subscription for THE POST, says:—

If times are hard, it will never do for us to desert our "Post." As a family paper I think the "Post" has few equals. I am particularly glad to see your declaration to avoid the publication of minute and detailed reports of all these disgusting and filthy criminal cases with which the columns of too many popular papers are unfortunately crowded. Such reports, while they can in no way contribute to the advantage of any one, do most assuredly exercise an evil influence on the mind of youth. The mind, like a body, grows upon what it is fed; and if fed upon impure or unwholesome food we cannot reasonably expect that it will remain untainted. How many of the most popular and widely circulated journals are weekly distributing among their thousands of readers this corrupting literature—this moral poison! Alas! I am fearful a large majority of mankind, particularly the youthful portion of it, is imitative in its character. What more likely than that by the avenues thus opened to guide and instruct them in the highways of crime, many are annually sinking down into earthly misery and moral degradation, who would otherwise become an honor to their country, and a blessing to the human race? It is certainly to be deplored that all newspapers do not follow the example of the *Post* in this particular.

SCARCITY OF MONEY IN THE WEST.—A letter recently received from a lady subscriber in Wisconsin, says:—

"I herewith enclose you one dollar, for which please send me THE POST for six months, commencing with the first January number. I hope to be able to get up a club by the 1st of July—that is, if times should be any better. At present it is nearly impossible to get a dollar in cash for any consideration. For instance—we own 100 acres of good land and under as good cultivation as any in this county, with good buildings, good water and wood, 30 sheep, 13 head of cattle, 3 horses—altogether with pigs, and poultry, and farming utensils. And yet we cannot sell anything for cash. We have wheat, hay, and oats to sell, but no cash offered unless sold in very small quantities, at very low rates. My husband has given me half the money he has, to send for calico; for I had rather go with a shilling calico dress than be without the Post."

We print the above for the simple and forcible illustration it affords of the plenty of everything but money, in many portions of the West. Before long, however, we think, money will begin to find its way into the hands of the farmers, in exchange for their abundant produce. Such a want of money as our correspondent describes, would seem to be more the result of a temporary stagnation in the business of the country, than of anything else.

A FUNNY QUESTION.—A correspondent at Rahway, N. J., says:—

As I read most everything contained in your valuable paper, I am almost sure to read first the interesting letters of "Quantum," written from Paris, but I have asked myself the question, (and been asked it by others) how you manage to get a letter from "Paris" to publish in your paper every week? Will you answer the above, and oblige a

READER OF THE EVENING POST?
Answer it! of course—but nevertheless it seems to us a very simple matter to puzzle any one. There is a lady in Paris—an intelligent one, as our readers may judge—with whom we have made an engagement, by virtue of which she writes us letters weekly, and we pay her a certain sum of money for so doing. The letters are mailed to us by way of England, a steamship from which country arrives weekly. That is the way it is done—though we are not able to perceive where the marvellous part of the affair (as implied by our correspondent "and others") comes in. It seems to us a very simple operation all through.

THE GULF STREAM.—Sea captains allege, so it is said, that the Gulf Stream is running forty or fifty miles nearer the coast this winter than before. This might explain the mild weather in the United States—but it would not explain the same general state of the atmosphere in England. In France however, our Paris correspondent says, the cold has been quite severe.

THE AMIN BEY STORY.—It is denied that there was any fraud perpetrated in the mission of Amin Bey. The Secretary of State says that the Turkish Government, in 1851, expressed its high gratification at Amin Bey's brilliant reception by the United States.

AMUSING.—Certain "parties" are disputing whether the actress Rachel died in the Jewish or the Roman Catholic faith. As Rachel had several children, but no husband, we should think her religion, to say the least, was "no thing to speak of."

LOCOMOTIVES IN THE CITY.—We regret to see a movement in the Legislature of this State, looking towards the proscription of locomotives in the built-up portions of the city. For our part, we hope to see the time when locomotives—constructed on improved "dummy" principles—shall run on all our city railroads. The temporary inconvenience to which a few of our citizens are now subjected by the running of the locomotives before their doors, is trifling compared to the injury that would be done the great interests of the city by forcing the Railroad Companies to have recourse to horse power. Such roads as the Pennsylvania Central, the Reading, the Philadelphia and Baltimore, the North Pennsylvania, and the Germantown and Norristown, should be allowed to run properly constructed locomotives into the very heart of the city if found expedient.

IS IT MANNA?—We are indebted to a lady correspondent at Napa City, California, for a small specimen of the substance resembling sugar, rained down at Clear Lake, in Napa county. It is of a brownish white color, and tastes like sugar. Probably it is something like the manna with which the Jews were miraculously fed in the wilderness.

EUROPEAN NEWS.
SAFETY OF THE ARIEL.—ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—THE LEVIATHAN NEARLY LAUNCHED.

The Canada brings Liverpool dates to the 16th. The Canada left Liverpool at half-past 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. She called off Cork on the morning of Sunday, the 17th ult., and took on board the mails and 66 passengers from the disabled steamer Ariel, and proceeded about noon of the same day on her voyage. The Ariel broke a shaft, and put back.

The steamer Leviathan has been pushed to within half a dozen feet of the extremity of the launching ways. She would remain in that position until the prevailing spring tides were over, when she would be pushed off the ways, and so await the high tides at the end of January.

Reform meetings were being extensively held both in London and the provinces. The Chartists were taking part in them.

Brigadier Inglis had been promoted to the rank of Major General, for his gallant defence of Lucknow.

On the 14th ult., the Bank of England reduced its rate of discount to 5 per cent., being the lowest point touched in fifteen months. It was anticipated that there would be a further reduction in a week or two. The Discount Houses had reduced the rates of allowance, at call, from four and a half to three and one half per cent.

The Joint Stock Banks had reduced the rate for deposit to three per cent. The action of the Bank imparted firmness to the stock market. Choice paper was negotiated at 3 1/4 to 4 per cent.

FRANCE.—A despatch to the *London Times*, dated the evening of the 14th, says:—"The Emperor was fired at, this evening, at half-past nine o'clock, while entering the Italian Opera House, Rue Lepelletier. Some persons in the streets were wounded. The Emperor showed himself to the people at the doors of the Opera House, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. He remained till the end of the opera. On his return, at midnight, he was hailed by the enthusiastic cheers of the immense multitude, who were waiting in the streets to greet him."

The *Moniteur*, of the 16th, says:—"On their Majesties arriving at the Opera, three explosions, coming from hollow projectiles, were heard. A considerable number of persons who were stationed before the theatre, including some soldiers of the escort, were wounded, two of them mortally."

The hat of the Emperor was pierced by a projectile, and General Requet, aide-de-camp of the Emperor, was slightly wounded in the neck. The Emperor was not hurt. The Emperor's carriage was attached to the Emperor's carriage was killed, and the carriage was broken by the projectiles.

The latest advices say that sixty persons were wounded and three killed, by the shells which were hurled at the carriage.

The conspirators are Italian, and many arrests have been made.

The Emperor and Empress suffered nothing from the event, and on the following day attended solemn mass, accompanied by the Minister of State.

A letter from Marseilles reports that the American ship *Adriatic*, which was confiscated by the French Court of Appeals, on account of her collision with the steamer *Lyonnais*, made her escape from detention at Marseilles, and put to sea on the night of the 5th of January. A French war steamer went in pursuit without effect. It was feared that serious diplomatic complication may arise from this.

It is said that the question of the Danubian Principalities is now so complicated that no day can be fixed for the meeting of the Paris Conference.

The monthly statement of the Bank of France shows a loss of over eleven millions francs, in cash, held in Paris, and a gain of twenty-seven millions in the country branches.

PARIS.—Friday Evening.—Four Italians, among whom are Counts Orsini and Pierre, were arrested. Many other arrests have been made. There are five persons dead, and fifty or sixty wounded by the explosion.

PARIS.—Saturday Morning.—In addition to the foregoing particulars, it is ascertained that five minutes before the attempt, M. Pelletier had arrested the Emperor, an exile of 1856, who had removed to Paris under a false name. On his person was found a grenade, a revolver, and a poignard. The Police of Paris was forewarned on Thursday, by the Belgian Police, of an intended attempt at assassination. Of the sixty persons who were wounded, eleven are in a dangerous condition. Some of them have been removed to the prison of Mazas. Arrests are multiplying hourly.

PARIS.—Friday.—The Emperor and Empress drove out, to-day at three o'clock, in an open calèche, without escort, through the streets of Paris. They were enthusiastically received by the people. This morning the Emperor went to the Hospital, and visited eight of the sufferers.

The *London Times* City Article says, the attempted assassination of the Emperor Napoleon caused distress in the funds to-day.

INDIA.—The Garrison of Futchpore was preceded by the insurgents, and they have abandoned part of their entrenchments, and taken up another and more secure position. A column from Delhi, under Col. Seaton, attacked a body of insurgents at Genowree, and defeated them, killing 150 of them, and taking three guns.

The Rajah of Aunghere and Minister had been tried and sentenced to death. The Minister was hanged, but the sentence against the Rajah awaits the confirmation of the Governor of India. Other executions had also taken place.

The Punjab, Scinde and Bombay were all quiet.

SPAIN.—The Queen, in her speech to the Cortez, in regard to the Mexican quarrel, merely remarks that she has accepted the mediation of France and England, as a proof of the cordiality which animates her, but that, under any circumstances, the honor and reputation of Spain shall be preserved intact.

A dispatch from Madrid, dated Friday, the 15th, reports the acceptance of the resignations of the ministers and the formation of a new Cabinet.

ITALY.—M. Mazzini had published an article of eight columns in the *Italia del Popolo*, addressed to the "Men of Action," and telling them that to conspire is not a right, but a duty. The remains of Field Marshal Radetzky were lying in state at Milan. The funeral was to take

place on the 14th ult., and would be attended by 25,000 Austrian soldiers.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Diet was opened on the 12th. The opening speech was read by Baron Mombell. It refers to the illness of the King, and expresses the confident hope of his speedy recovery; rejoices at the approaching matrimonial alliance between Prussia and England; refers to the Danish-Holstein question, and says that Prussia and Austria are resolved, in union with all the governments of federal Germany, to insist on the vindication of German rights and interests; also alludes to the government measures to mitigate the recent panic. The allusion to the Danish question produced loud and unanimous applause.

RUSSIA.—The Nobles of the district of Nizna, Novgorod, following the examples of the nobles of Lithuania and St. Petersburg, had asked the Emperor's permission to enfranchise their serfs, and the Emperor had granted their request.

CHINA.—The Hong Kong correspondent of the *London Times*, under date of November 28th, says:—"Hon. William B. Reed, the American Commissioner, remained on board the frigate *Minnesota*, carefully avoiding any untangling alliance. He says the *Minnesota*, from her great size, would prove almost insuperable for warlike purposes in China. The same letter predicts that the British would have possession of Canton before the end of the year, and that the free and unobstructed intercourse with China would be demanded."

AFRICA.—The British ship of war *Sappho* has captured a slave of one thousand four hundred, on the west coast of Africa. The slave was run ashore to prevent capture, and after throwing overboard eight hundred of the negroes, the crew escaped to the shore in boats. Half of the negroes thrown overboard were drowned. Four hundred more were found on board the slave, which was subsequently burnt to the water's edge.

MADEAGASCAR.—The persecution of the Christians in Madagascar was continued with unabated severity. Thirteen had been put to death, many had been tortured horribly, and numbers were reduced to slavery.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The cotton market closed quiet. The sales during the week amounted to 23,000 bales, including 10,000 bales of the 1857 crop, and 13,000 bales of the 1858 crop. The market was mostly confined to fair and middling qualities. The lower qualities were less affected, owing to their scarcity.

STATE OF THE TRADE.—Manchester advices continued unfavorable, there being but little inquiry, and a decline in the price of raw cotton. The market was mostly confined to fair and middling qualities. The lower qualities were less affected, owing to their scarcity.

LIVERPOOL BEANSTOCK MARKET.—The circular report the beanstock market as generally dull and declining. Flour was very dull and nominally quiet. Wheat was also very dull, with a decline of 2d since Tuesday. Corn was dull but steady.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—Provisions were generally quiet. Beef steady. Pork dull. Bacon quiet—quotations nominal. Hams quiet. Butter quiet. Tallow—quotations barely maintained, but firm at the close. Hulse's quoted at 58s.

LIVERPOOL PAINTS MARKET.—There was an improved demand for Sugar, but prices continued weak. Coffee closed firm. Rice was heavy, with little inquiry and weak prices. Carolina quoted at 12s 6d. Tea was active at 1s 10d to 2s 4d for Congou. Lined Oil quiet at 3s 6d to 3s 8d. Rosin steady. Turpentine—spirits steady, at 32s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—The Bank of England has reduced the rate of discount to 5 per cent., and the money market was easier. Consols closed at 94 1/2 to 94 3/4 for money.

American Stocks.—News, Baring & Co.'s circular reports a small business in American stocks, but prices held firm, and had slightly advanced in some cases. Bell & Co. report the market generally quiet.

HAIR MARKET, Jan. 13.—The sales of Cotton for the week ending the 12th, were 5,500 bales. The market had a declining tendency. The stock in port was 5,500 bales. New Orleans *tree ordinary*, 3d.

FROM KANSAS.—It has been reported since our last, that Calhoun has decided that the Pro-Slavery ticket and legislature were elected at the recent election under the Lecompton Constitution in Kansas. This is again denied, however. It is therefore still a matter of doubt. A number of important acts, an abolishing slavery are before the Territorial legislature, and will probably pass.

The Democratic Kansas correspondent says, the Free-State people of that Territory have decided not to memorialize Congress for an enabling act, but to pass one themselves, and to frame a Constitution which will be like the Topeka instrument, submitting it for acceptance or rejection.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 23.—The Kansas correspondent of the *Democrat* says that the Territorial legislature has decided not to give way for the Topeka government, but proceed to the enactment of an entire new code of laws, to supersede all the laws passed at the prior special sessions. The protest to Congress against the Lecompton Constitution has also been published.

Colin Clarkson, the bearer of the Lecompton Constitution, left here this morning for Washington. General Calhoun, Judge Leconte and Henry Clay Pate will probably reach here tomorrow.

THE WONDERFUL WINTER.—The Ohio Farmer of January 23, published in Cleveland, thus notes the progress of the season:—"Little buds are quite common on the elders now. A shrubby *St. Johnswort* in our garden has come out in full leaf. Violets are peeping out here and there, and the buds of rose bushes are considerably swollen. Gooseberries and all varieties of currants ditto. The only thing that has surprised us, is the fact of the plum trees, the bulbous-rooted flowers showing many leaves. Even the snowdrop, earliest of all spring flowers, has not yet made its appearance with us. The effect upon the wheat crop can be nothing but bad, for the many freezings and thawings have the effect of drawing out the plants, especially when sown broadcast. Drilled wheat will not, however, suffer to any appreciable extent, unless the changes should be much greater than they have been."

SINGULAR FACT.—The Boston matrimonial registries prove that there have been six remarriages, during the year, of white women with colored men; but no white man has been known to thus unite himself with a colored woman. This tendency of the female portion of the community to matrimonially degrade themselves is a singular psychological fact. The white married negroes, or throw themselves into the arms of wealthy white men, pained with age and disease, as a matter of course, their doing so seems to be, indeed, a recognized institution of our social system. But young men very seldom throw themselves into the arms of women for the sake of money, and, even in Boston, have too much decency to wed with negroes. —*Exchange Paper*.

A SLEEPY BRIDE.—The *Journal des Debats* tells of a young couple who went to Lyons to be married. During the time the ecclesiastic who presided at the ceremony was addressing them the bride fell into a most profound sleep, which lasted till the moment came at which the young husband was to put the nuptial ring on the finger of his drowsy partner; but, on perceiving her state of unconsciousness, he was, as may readily be believed, shocked and irritated at such a flagrant disregard of all decency. After the conclusion of the ceremony he informed his bride's friends that he would not live with her; and, giving them 2,000 francs for her, as stipulated in the contract, left her.

MILD WEATHER IN ENGLAND.—The weather in England continues as remarkably fine as on this side. Vegetation, in some parts of the country, is in as forward a state as it usually is in April. There are gardeners who predict the maturity of the metropolis where summer roses are in full bloom.

A SKIRMISH.—Recently a personal collision occurred at Richmond, Va., between O. Jennings Wise, a son of Gov. Wise, and E. Ridgway, editor of the *White Accordion*. The statement of the latter, Mr. Wise attacked him in his office (because of some editorial remarks in relation to his father), when the collision ensued, without damage, however, to either party.

A GERMAN gentleman, named Muller, has just put down about five millions of eggs of the lake trout obtained from Lakes Ontario and Michigan, in streams leading into Lake Salmonfall, Conn. He has also put down about a million of the eggs of the white fish in the same lake. It is expected that in two or three years the fish will be of marketable size.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

SEIDERS AND SKATERS—THE LOST STEAMER
PACIFIC—A LADY-SCULPTOR—DEATH OF
RACHEL—A LOSS TO AUSTRIA.

Paris, January 7, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Winter is upon us at last, with a grip whose tightness seems intended to make up for the ease with which we had been so far held by the season. The ponds in the Public Gardens are frozen solidly, and are covered by crowds of sliders of every age, who dash across their narrow circumference in a continuous stream, a number of street-sweepers standing beside the slide with their brooms, and giving a brush to the latter every few minutes. Now and then, the enlivening influence of the scene being too strong for their quiescence, an irresistible impulse causes them to whisk up their broom over their shoulder and to fall into file with the sliders; and away they go as delightedly as any of their neighbors, their blue blouses conspicuous among the coats and jackets of their "betters" in the race, the worsted comforter round the head which seems to constitute the general idea of "winter clothing" among the poor in this country, and their beards bristling above their shoulder. Scores of eager aspirants, waiting to spring into the vast vacant places, stand round the edge of the basin on which as many pairs of sliders are lying; but though many of those on the pond are shod with these instruments, yet, the fact that they merely slide across like their neighbors, suggests a mild doubt as to the proficiency of the wearers in their use of the northern shoe. Behind these again is a dense border of nurses and children, gamins, soldiers, ladies and gentlemen, and policemen, looking on with a warmth of sympathy and admiration pleasant to contemplate. The good-tempered way in which the French of all ages, and to a certain degree of all ranks, interest themselves in whatever happens to be going on at the moment, is one of the most amiable features in their character.

The Seine, with its swift current, seems to be struggling against the rapid accumulation of floating ice that is beginning to cover its surface; but if we have a few more nights of the temperature to which we have been subjected since the old year bid us "good-bye," we shall see the river crowded with the few good skaters the capital can boast of, eager to show off their skill in an art in which the Parisians, having rarely the opportunity of so doing, are particularly ambitious of proving themselves adepts.

But the sharp cutting blasts, the cold sunshine, and still colder starlight with which we are just now visited, make one think with especial sympathy of those who are compelled, at this inclement season, to attempt the pathless waste of the ocean, and the fearful vicinities of the ice! Of all the frightful modes in which Death can overtake our shuddering humanity—far beyond the horrors of the battlefield or of fire—surely that of shipwreck in the freezing water of the icefields is the sternest and most terrible!

This reflection has been forced on me by the examination of a small street of paper torn apparently out of a blank book, and written on in pencil, which was found in a bottle washed ashore on the coast of France a few months ago; the said paper purporting to have been written by a passenger on board the lost steamer Pacific, which, as your readers doubtless remember, left Liverpool on the 23rd of January, 1856, for New York, having on board the mails, 40 passengers, and a crew of 130 souls, but which never reached its destination, and has been supposed to have foundered at sea, probably owing to a collision with the ice.

The message itself, clearly written, but without stops, each of the short phrases it contains being commenced with a capital letter, is as follows:

"Steamship Pacific Eldridge Commander Smith passenger Steamship Pacific run between two icebergs All hands lost On the first of April 1856 Just going down 2 P.M."

Your readers will also remember that the fact of this bottle, with its enclosure, having been found on the French coast, on the 14th of September, 1857, was noticed in the French and English journals at the time of its occurrence; the latter, owing to the length of time that had elapsed between the loss of the steamer and the picking-up of the bottle, and also to the message being dated "On the first of April," setting down the whole affair as a humbug.

A statement of the circumstances of the case, however, will tend, I think, to show that this judgment was probably premature, and that there is good reason for believing that the message may be an authentic one, revealing the fate of the unfortunate steamer in question.

In the first place it is to be remarked that the bottle, with the paper enclosed in it, really was found, as stated in the *Moniteur*, on the strand at Melon, in the Syndicate of Porspoder, in the Department of the Finistère, on the 14th of September, 1857; whence it was taken by the finds to the Maritime Prefect of Brest, and was forwarded by that functionary to the Minister of Marine in this city, in whose care it has remained up to the present time.

In the next place it appears that the report of the finding of this message having reached the United States, has elicited the fact that a Mr. Legrand Smith, of New York, Connecticut, was among the passengers on board the Pacific on her last trip; and friends of this Mr. Smith have written to your distinguished townsmen, Dr. Thomas Evans—who is attached to the Imperial Household as Dental Physician to the Emperor, assuring him that the writing of such a message under such circumstances is exactly what all who know him would regard as just what he would be most likely to do, and moreover that at the terse and laconic style of the message in question is so strikingly characteristic of the man that "not two out of a hundred of those who knew him would hesitate to ascribe its authorship to him," and requested Dr. Evans to endeavor to secure the paper, and to send it to them in order that they might compare it with his handwriting, and thus arrive, in case the authenticity of the paper were thus demonstrated, at a knowledge of the fate of the Pacific; a matter of no small importance, for, although the confirmation of painful surmises with regard to missing friends is but small comfort to the survivors, yet in a case like that of the loss of the Pacific, where every vestige of hope has long since vanished, the knowledge of the fate of the missing steamer will certainly afford a sort of melancholy satisfaction to those who had con-

nections on board her during her last trip, and will also relieve such parties from great practical embarrassment, by enabling them to regulate a vast amount of business matters which, in the uncertainty hitherto felt as to the fate of the former, have necessarily been left in abeyance up to the present time.

The fact that the ice was present in unusual quantities at the time when the Pacific was lost—that Capt. Eldridge was believed to have taken a more northerly route than usual in order to gain time upon the new steamer *Peruvia*, which was to make her first trip behind him, and from which a speedy passage was anticipated,—that the "Skipwith, Capt. Ryan," in coming off the coast of Newfoundland, Feb. 13th, 1856, fell in with ice two hundred miles from land, and reported having "seen the lights of a steamer in the ice,"—and that a Glasgow steamer subsequently reported having seen "state-room doors, and broken cabin-furniture, evidently belonging to some steamer floating on a field of ice," have led to the general belief that the steamer most probably perished in collision with the ice, and, so far, afford strong presumptive evidence in favor of the validity of the paper in the bottle. The writing of the letter M. as though for March, and the change to the word *April*, is also in favor of this supposition, indicating just such an error, and its rapid correction, as would seem of very probable occurrence at so fearful a moment.

Such being the probabilities in the matter, Dr. Evans, on receiving the communication just alluded to from the friends of Mr. Smith, waited on the Emperor, and having informed him of the circumstances of the case, requested his Majesty to grant him permission to inspect the paper at the Ministry of Marine. The Emperor, who, whatever else he may or may not be, is extremely sympathetic in all matters of private suffering or anxiety, and very prompt in giving aid when such matters are brought before him, listened to Dr. Evans's account with great interest, and immediately wrote for him an order, addressed to the Minister, and desiring that Dr. Evans should be admitted to examine the document in question. The Emperor subsequently ordered the paper to be brought to the Tuileries for his own inspection; and reflecting that it might be more convenient to Dr. Evans to have it in his own possession, gave it to him, desiring him to do whatever he thought best with it, and expressing his hope that its authenticity might be proved, in order to relieve the suspense of the friends of the unfortunate passengers. In the Doctor's care it now remains; but, unwilling to risk its possible loss by sending it to the United States, Dr. Evans has written to the friends of Mr. Smith, requesting them to forward to him a sample of his handwriting; on receipt of which the question of the identity of the writing found in the bottle with that of Mr. Smith will be carefully decided by competent authorities, and shall be duly communicated to your readers.

A charming statue has just been executed here, in marble, by a young English lady, Miss Durant, of London, whose name may perhaps be as yet unknown on your side the Atlantic, but who has already acquired a high place among the artists of her native land, and may be fairly regarded as one of the most promising sculptors of the present day. The statue in question is about three feet high, and is called *The Shepherd Boy*; the subject being partly suggested by a charming passage in Leigh Hunt's *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, itself borrowed from a passage in an *Idyll of Theocritus*; the boy being set to guard the grapes, becomes so intent on the capture of a locust among the vine-leaves, that he is quite unaware of the depredations committed by two cunning and audacious foxes on the juicy treasures he is set to watch over.

The group is exquisitely graceful; the boy, the stump of a tree, upon which a vine is climbing, and against which he leans, while the grapes laden boughs make a bowery arch above his head, the fall of the sheepskin over his shoulders, the slender forms and bushy tails of the foxes, and the rapt absorption of the boy, whose fingers are just closing over the insect, are all most charmingly and truthfully brought out, and the modelling of the figure proves the thorough anatomical knowledge of the sculptor. A certain lightness and elasticity in the figure, a something suggestive of movement, the originality of effect produced by the arching of the vine-branches above the head of the figure—an arrangement presenting great mechanical difficulties most happily overcome—render this little work as striking and effective as it is beautiful. *The Shepherd Boy* has been purchased by Baron Rothschild; and the artist has since repeated it, with certain modifications, on a larger scale, for exhibition in the Royal Academy of London, this coming spring. *The Robt Hood*, the admirable bust of Mrs. Stowe, in marble, the great statue, seven feet high, of the Earl of Warwick ("The Kingmaker") at a bust she has just executed, also in marble, of the little four-year-old son of said Pacha Viceroy of Egypt, are all marked by the same consummate knowledge of the details of her art as the same poetic treatment, and the same latent beauty so remarkable in her "Shepherd Boy."

This little Egyptian prince is the only child of the many-wedded Pacha, his father; and is the pet and darling of the whole harem. The Pacha has but one legal and acknowledged wife, a Princess, and chief of the harem; the mother of the boy is a slave-wife, but the child's rank appears to be the same as it would be were the son of the Princess herself. The latter, indeed, regards him as her son, and feels the same pride in him that she would feel in a child of her own, a feeling which seems to be shared by all the other inferior wives to an equal degree. The interest with which this bust of the household darling of all these harem-ladies is looked for by them seems to be very intense; and though the bust was ordered by Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, as a present from him to the Viceroy, the Turkish Ambassador has watched the progress of the work—just executed in this city—with the greatest interest, supplying the insignia of the different Turkish orders, the inscription, in Turkish, which gives, in a complicated talismanic-looking scratch, the name and titles, the time and place of birth, and a quantity of other particulars of the illustrious little four-year-old child in question, who, being excessively active by nature, and excessively petted, was a most terribly restless and impatient sitter. Miss Durant, however, has been just as successful with this baby-face as with her other; and the work is a very remarkable one, and exciting, just now, great interest in London, where it is sojourning for a short time, preparatory to being sent to its destination on the shores of the Nile. The Egyptians will no doubt regard this bust with all the more surprise for its being the work of a lady-artist.

Poor Rachel breathed her last on Monday; her remains will reach Paris to-day, and to-morrow all the artistic and literary celebrities of the capital, with a crowd of aristocratic and wealthy adherents of the great tragedian, will assemble at her dwelling in the Place Royale, to accompany her remains to their last resting-place. She died in the Jewish faith, and will be buried according to the rites of that ancient people.

Marshal Radetzky, the servant of Austria, who with a skill, energy, and courage that cannot be denied even by those who most deplore the cause in which they were enlisted, crushed the hopes of Italy in 1848, and gave back its fairest stolen jewel to the Austrian crown, is also gone to his last reckoning. He died a few days since at Milan. How different would be at this moment the state of that fair and unfortunate peninsula had this long and energetic life been brought to a close ten years ago!

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Imperial Government has fixed upon Ottawa City (late Bytown) as the permanent seat of the Canadian Government.

Mexico is reported to have made overtures toward the sale of Sonora, and other territory, to the United States.

A MAN named Miller Doughty died a few days since in Illinois, and left orders that before burial his body should be salted away *a la paris*. The will was imperative, and Mr. Doughty was pickled accordingly.

The wheat crop in Virginia is said to have never presented a more promising appearance at this season of the year, than at present.

FUNDED PROPERTY OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.—According to a Belgian paper, the funded property of the House of Rothschild of Paris, amounts at present to forty millions sterling.

CINCINNATI HOG AND CATTLE TRADE.—The Cincinnati Gazette estimates that the sum total of values derived from cattle and hogs, either cured, slaughtered, or carried alive from Ohio, amounts, in round numbers, to \$200,000,000.

COTTON IN ALGERIA.—The French Government is making great efforts to encourage the growth of cotton in Algeria. A prize of 5,000 francs was recently awarded by the Province of Constantine to a successful cultivator of this useful plant.

SIXTY-FOUR farmers living in and about Middletown, Conn., have given notice to the citizens that on Monday, at 11 o'clock, they will come in with their ox-carts, laden with wood and provisions for gratuitous distribution to the poor, under the management of the mayor and a committee of citizens.

The lady who is expected to make Mr. Fillmore "the happiest of men," on the 11th of February next, says the New York Post, is a Mrs. McIntosh, a woman distinguished for a great variety of charms, solid as well as transient. Her former husband made a fortune in the grocery business, in Albany, and was President of the Albany and Schenectady Railroad during the last three years preceding the consolidation.

It is stated that the Hon. Thomas Slidell, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, upon hearing of the late financial crisis, and fearing the effect it would have upon certain stocks in which he had a large interest, became completely insane.

The Chatham (Canada West) Planet says:—"Not only have panics been seen in full bloom in this town during the present month, but Mr. R. K. Bayne informed us that on the 4th ult., strawberry vines were in the blossom in the open air in his garden. Up to the time we write we have no snow, and very little frost."

SOME of the farmers in Michigan, deeming the present extraordinary weather for the season favorable for their maple sugar, have recently tapped their maple trees to try the experiment, and succeeded in making quite a quantity of maple sugar.

AT the museum in Leicester Square, London, there is now on exhibition the veritable ceremonial robe of that "Hindoo demon of a New South Wales," as the Bombay letters describe him, which is daily inspected by immense crowds. The shawl alone is said to be worth a thousand pounds sterling, and is a most perfect specimen of India workmanship.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.—For this document we are indebted to the New Orleans True Delta. The Hon. Governor, in his admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution; advocates the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, legitimate southern expansion, and a limitation of bank notes in Louisiana to not less than \$10, with the view of securing a more decisive metallic currency.

TENNYSON AN OCEANIC ENTERPRISE.—The report now being generally circulated, through the newspapers, that the poet Laureate is a confirmed opium eater, and that it is beginning to tell upon his health, is contradicted most emphatically, by those who know him best. He has recently been paying a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at their castle, and was in his usual health. He was accompanied by Mrs. Tennyson and his two sons.

GOVERNOR WISE has postponed, for the present, his contemplated letter on Kansas, for the perusal of which much anxiety has been manifested. PRIVATE despatches from Washington, state positively that General Scott is not going to California. It is true that he was to go, and that passage was taken for him in the next steamer, but the Administration, it is said, have changed their views on the whole subject.

SPURGEON'S BAZAAR.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's bazaar, at Surrey Hall, raised, after paying all expenses, £290 towards the erection of a suitable tabernacle for Mr. Spurgeon and the members of his church and congregation.

The Duchess of Sutherland, says the *Courier Circular*, has taken great interest in the bazaar. Through the exertions of her Grace more articles of taste and art, the work of fashionable fingers, found their way into the recesses of the stalls than ever were known to be collected for such a purpose before.

RICHMOND ENQUIRER.—It is stated that Messrs. Nathaniel Tyler and O. Jennings Wise have purchased an interest in the Richmond Enquirer, and will in future be connected with the editorial department of that paper.

A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ABROAD.—A prominent citizen of Boston recently took his seat at a table d'hôte in Lyons, France, but before commencing his dinner, looked up at his opposite neighbor at the table, when his astounded eyes recognized in person Mr. Samuel Lawrence, the late incoming treasurer of the Middlesex and Bay State Mills. Both parties were rather embarrassed by the sudden mutual recognition, but soon recovered sufficiently "to talk it over." We understand Mr. Lawrence's friends have not outdone his immediate return.

They consider his flight an unnecessary and foolish proceeding, and say that the record shows no criminal or disreputable against him.—*Springfield Republican*.

ERRA IN THE CENSUS.—It is a fact not generally known to our citizens, says the Dover Democrat, that in the last census of the State of Delaware (1850) the names of three populous Hundreds, in Sussex county, were not returned, and that thereby the statistical population of the State was diminished more than ten thousand.

The Hundreds of North-West York, Broad Creek and Little Creek, were entirely omitted in the census, in consequence of the illness of Deputy Marshal J. J. Jenkins, who did not make his return in time. These three Hundreds, it is supposed, contain a population of about 8,000 whites and 2,000 blacks.

MACAULAY AND WM. PENN.

FROM THE LONDON ATHLETIC.

That Baron Macaulay should defend what Mr. Macaulay wrote will not surprise any one. That having resolved to defend his accusation of Penn in the "scandalous business" of the Taunton girls, he should do so with a certain dexterity and strength, every one will expect to find. If his facts fail, and even his assertions lack force—the reader will be sure that the weakness lies in the cause rather than in the advocate.

The new edition of his "History" is advertised as "revised and corrected"—but with regard to the charge against Penn—though it has been disproved by evidence which all the organs of opinion have accepted as conclusive—there is no revision and no correction. William Penn still stands in the historical text a pardon-broker, engaged in a scandalous transaction. Our readers will be very curious to see the reasoning by which the "corrector" has arrived at this extraordinary conclusion, confronted with the facts stated in the Introductory Chapter of the new edition of Mr. Heworth Dixon's "Life of Penn." Lord Macaulay's fame is national property. We are proud of his talents, and we are naturally jealous of his credit. If this be lowered, literature itself suffers somewhat. But truth is of more consequence than the reputation of a great writer. The original Macaulay-text still stands:—

"An order was sent down to Taunton that all these little girls should be seized and imprisoned. Sir Francis Warre, of Hestercombe, the Tory member for Bridgewater, was requested to undertake the office of exacting the ransom. He was charged to declare in strong language that the Maids of Honor would not endure delay, that they were determined to prosecute to outlawry, unless a reasonable sum were forthcoming, and that by a reasonable sum were meant seven thousand pounds. Warre excused himself from taking any part in a transaction so scandalous. The Maids of Honor then requested William Penn to act for them; and Penn accepted the commission."

To this text we have an explanation by Baron Macaulay, which we quote entire—merely passing at the chief points to assess its value. The note runs:—

"Locke's 'Western Rebellion' Toulmin's 'History of Taunton,' edited by Savage; 'Letter of the Duke of Somerset to Sir F. Warre,' 'Letter of Sunderland to Penn,' Feb. 13, 1655-6, from the State Paper Office, in the Mackintosh Collection (1845.) The letter of Sunderland is as follows:—

"WHITEHALL, Feb. 13, 1655-6. 'Mr. Penn,—Her Majesty's Maids of Honor have acquainted me that they desire to employ you and Mr. Walden in making a composition with the relations of the Maids of Taunton for the high misdemeanor they have been guilty of. I do at their request, hereby let you know that his Majesty has been pleased to give their fines to the said Maids of Honor, and therefore recommend it to Mr. Walden and you to make the most advantageous composition you can in their behalf. I am, sir, your humble servant, SUNDERLAND."

"That the person to whom this letter was addressed was William Penn the Quaker was not denied by Mr. Penn, who, in his letter, brought it to light, or, as far as I am aware, by any other person, till after the publication of the first part of this History. It has since been confidently asserted that the letter was addressed to a certain George Penn, who appears, from an old account-book lately discovered, to have been concerned in a negotiation for the ransom of one of Montmouth's followers, named Azeriah Pinney. If I thought that I had committed an error, I should, I hope, have the honesty to acknowledge it. But, after full consideration, I am satisfied that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William Penn. Much has been said about the way in which the name is spelt. The Quaker, we are told, was not Mr. Penn, but Mr. Penne. I feel assured that no person conversant with the books and manuscripts of the seventeenth century will attach any importance to this argument. It is notorious that a proper name was then thought to be well spelt if the sound were preserved. To go no further than the persons who, in Penn's time, held the Great Seal, one of them is sometimes Hyde and sometimes Hide; another is Jefferys, Jefferys, and Jefferys; a third is Somers, Sommers, and Sumners; a fourth is Wright and Wright; and a fifth is Cowper and Cooper. The Quaker's name was spelt in three ways. He, and his father the Admiral before him, invariably, as far as I have observed, spelt it Penn; but most people spelt it Pen; and there were some who adhered to the ancient form, Penne. For example, William the father is Penne, in a letter from Diabrow to Thurlow, dated on the 7th of December, 1654; and William the son is Penne in a newsletter of the 22nd of September, 1658, printed in the Ellis Correspondence. In Richard Ward's 'Life and Letters of Henry More,' printed in 1710, the name of the Quaker will be found spelt in all the three ways, Penn in the index, Pen in page 107, and Penne in page 211. The same is Penne in the Commission which the Admiral carried out with him on his expedition to the West Indies. Burchett, who became Secretary to the Admiralty soon after the Revolution, and remained in office long after the accession of the House of Hanover, always, in his Naval History, wrote the name Penne.—Sunderland, it cannot be thought strange, was an old-fashioned spelling, in which the Secretary of the Admiralty persisted so late as 1720, should have been used at the office of the Secretary of State in 1656. I am quite confident that, if the letter which we are considering had been of a different kind, if Mr. Penn had been informed that, in consequence of his earnest intercession, he had been graciously pleased to grant a free pardon to the Taunton girls, and if I had attempted to deprive the Quaker of the credit of that intercession, on the ground that his name was not Penne, the very persons who now complain so bitterly that I am unjust to his memory, would have complained quite as bitterly, and I must say, with much more reason. I think myself, therefore, perfectly justified in considering the names, Penn and Penne, as the same."

The question of the spelling—about which we have here these needless illustrations—amounts to this, and no more. A letter is found addressed to Mr. Penn. There is a Mr. Penne. He spells his name Penne. The Pinney family spell his name Penne. Everybody spells his name Penne. In deeds, petitions, Acts of Parliament, it is spelt Penne. Moreover, he is a pardon-broker. He is at Taunton. He is actually engaged in selling pardons. Why, then, assume that the writer of the letter is ignorant of the mode in which his correspondent writes his name? Had there been no Mr. Penne (as Sir James Mackintosh imagined), it might have been argued that Sunderland had made a mistake in spelling. But there being a man whose name the letter does bear—and who is a known pardon-broker, actually engaged at the time in Taunton selling pardons—why go in search for a man whose name it does not bear, and who is not known in any way ever to have been connected with the sale of pardons at Taunton or any other place? Would Lord Macaulay wish the reading world to infer that all his investigations have been made in this spirit and according to this logic?

To proceed:—"To which, then, of the two persons who bore that name, George or William, it is probable that the letter of the Secretary of State was addressed?" George was evidently an adventurer of a very low class. All that we learn about him from the papers of the Pinney family is that he was employed in the purchase of a pardon for the younger son of a dissenting minister.—The whole sum which appears to have passed through George's hands on this occasion was sixty-five pounds. His commission on the transaction must therefore have been small. The only other information which we have about him is that he, some time later, applied to the government for a favor which was very far from being an honor. In England the Groom Porter of the Palace had a jurisdiction over games of chance, and made some very dirty gain by issuing lottery tickets and licensing hazard tables. George appears to have petitioned for a similar privilege in the American colonies."

George Penne was not a mere vagabond, as here described. Though he had become a pardon-broker, he had once been a gentleman of property. A great deal more is known about George Penne than the two facts which Lord Macaulay borrows from Mr. Dixon.

"William Penn was, during the reign of James the Second, the most active and powerful solicitor about the Court. I will quote the words of his admirer, Crooke: 'Quum autem Pennus tanta gratia plurimum apud regem valeret, et per id perperis sibi amicos acquireret, illum omnes, etiam qui modo aliqua notitia erant conjuncti, etiam aliquid a rege postulandum agerent apud regem esset, adire, ambire, orare, ut eos apud regem adjuvaret.' He was overwhelmed by business of this kind, 'obtusis negotiationibus curatationibusque.' His house and the approaches to it were every day blocked up by crowds of persons who came to request his good offices; 'domus ac vestibula quotidie repleta clientum et supplicantum.' From the Fontenay papers it appears that his influence was felt even in the Highlands of Scotland. We learn from himself that, at this time, he was always toiling for others, that he was a daily suitor at Whitehall, and that, if he had chosen to sell his influence, he could, in little more than three years, have put twenty thousand pounds into his pocket, and obtained a hundred thousand more for the improvement of the colonies, to which he was proprietor. Such was the position of these two men. Which of them, then, was the more likely to be employed in the matter to which Sunderland's letter related? Was it George or William, an agent of the lowest or of the highest class? The persons interested were ladies of rank and fashion, resident at the palace, where George would hardly have been admitted into an outer room, but where William was every day in the presence chamber, and was frequently called into the closet. The greatest nobles in the kingdom were zealous and active in the cause of their fair friends, nobles with whom William lived in habits of familiar intercourse, but who would hardly have thought George fit company for their rooms. The sum in question was seven thousand pounds, a sum not large when compared with the masses of wealth with which William had constantly to deal, but more than a hundred times as large as the only ransom which is known to have passed through the hands of George. These considerations would suffice to raise a strong presumption that Sunderland's letter was addressed to William, and not to George; but there is a still stronger argument behind. It is most important to observe that the person to whom this letter was addressed was not the first person whom the Maids of Honor had requested to act for them. They applied to him because another person, to whom they had previously applied, had, after some correspondence, declined the office. From their first application we learn with certainty what sort of person they wished to employ. If their application had been made to some obscure pettifogger or needy gambler, we should be warranted in believing that the Penne to whom their second application was made was George. If, on the other hand, their first application was made to a gentleman of the highest consideration, we can hardly be wrong in saying that the Penne to whom their second application was made was William. For the sum which they demanded was so large that no ordinary jobber could safely be entrusted with the care of their interests. As Sir Francis Warre excused himself from undertaking the negotiation, it became necessary for the Maids of Honor and their advisers to choose somebody who might supply his place; and they chose Penne. Which of the Penne, then, must have been their choice, George, a petty broker, to whom a per centage on sixty-five pounds was an object, and whose highest ambition was to derive an infamous livelihood from cards and dice, or William, not inferior in social position to any commoner in the kingdom? Is it possible to believe that the ladies who, in January, employed the Duke of Somerset to procure for them an agent in the suit of the Duke of the English gentry, who did not think an attorney, though occupying a respectable post in a respectable corporation, good enough for their purpose, would, in February, have resolved to trust everything to a fellow who was as much below Bird as Bird was below Warre?"

Here we have a very weak argument in very strong words. When the object was to cast dirt at Penn, the Taunton business was "scandalous," now that the object is to escape from the proved fact that the "scandalous" business was assigned to a "scandalous" agent, it becomes one proper for a gentleman of the highest rank. But the whole point rests on the assertion that George Penne could not have been in correspondence with such great people as Somerset and the Maids of Honor. One fact destroys this theory. George Penne was a person whom the Duke of Somerset might have addressed on such a subject as the ransom of the girls of Taunton. George Penne corresponded with the masters of Somerset—with the Privy Council. He was of sufficient importance to the State to have his correspondence entered in the Registers of the Privy Council.

We give the rest of the explanation, though it amounts to nothing:—

"But, it is said, Sunderland's letter is dry and distant; and he never would have written in such a style to William Penn, with whom he was on friendly terms. Can it be necessary for me to reply that the official communications which a Minister of State makes to his dearest friends and nearest relations are as cold and formal as those which he makes to strangers? Will it be contended that the General Wellesley, to whom the Marquess Wellesley, when Governor-General, addressed so many letters beginning with 'Sir,' and ending with 'I have the honor to be your obedient servant,' cannot possibly have been his Lordship's brother Arthur? But, it is said, Oldmixon tells a different story. According to him, a Popish lawyer named Brent, and a subordinate jobber named Crane, were the agents in the matter of the Taunton girls. Now, it is notorious that all our historians Old-

mixon is the least trustworthy. His most positive assertion would be of no value when opposed to such evidence as is furnished by Sunderland's letter. But Oldmixon asserts nothing positively. Not only does he not assert positively that Brent and Crane acted for the Maids of Honor; but he does not even assert positively that the Maids of Honor were at all concerned, and that he goes no further than 'It was said; and 'It was reported.' It is plain, therefore, that he was very imperfectly informed. I do not think it impossible, however, that there may have been some foundation for the rumor which he mentions. We have seen that one busy lawyer, named Bird, volunteered to look after the interests of the Maids of Honor, and that they were forced to tell him that they did not want his services. Other persons, and among them the two whom Oldmixon names, may have tried to thrust themselves into so lucrative a job, and may, by pretending to interest at Court, have succeeded in obtaining a little money from terrified families. But nothing can be more clear than that the authorized agent of the Maids of Honor was the Mr. Penne, the English agent of State wrote; and I firmly believe that Mr. Penne to have been William the Quaker."

"Nothing can be more clear"—unfortunately nothing can be less clear. There is no authority—so far as we know—for the assertion that "Mr. Penne" was the authorized agent.

The "corrector" adds:—"If it be said that it is incredible that so good a man would have been concerned in so bad an affair, I can only say that the affair was very far indeed from being the worst in which he was concerned. For these reasons I leave the text, and shall leave it, exactly as it originally stood (1857.)"

"These reasons" will very much surprise Baron Macaulay's readers. "I firmly believe" is no acceptable form of historical authority.—We firmly believe there are only two opinions on the subject of this singular charge against Penn—on one side that of Baron Macaulay, on the other side that of the British public.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The new steamship *Moses Taylor*, arrived from Aspinwall at New York on the 27th, bringing California advices to the 5th ult. She connected, at the Latham, with the steamer John L. Stephens. The Taylor has on board \$1,500,000 in specie.

The San Francisco papers are barren of news. The intelligence from the mines is very favorable. Business was dull both at San Francisco and in the interior.

Fine specimens of staple cotton have been raised in Tulare county.

The greater part of the town of Downville has been destroyed by fire. Loss \$500,000. An Anti-Mormon meeting has been held at Los Angeles, and a memorial adopted asking General Clark for 500 men for the protection of the citizens.

The annual session of the California Legislature commenced on the 4th ult. The Governor would probably recommend taxation of the mining claims. The question was expected to cause a serious quarrel in the Democratic party.

A slight shock of earthquake was experienced at San Francisco on the 24th ult.

FROM OREGON.—The official vote at the late election in Oregon shows a majority of 5,000 against slavery. There was also a majority of 4,000 in favor of the Constitution, and 7,500 against the admission of free negroes.

The Legislature was in session and the first election under the State Constitution is to take place in June next.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Mr. Lomer has been arrested at Lima, charged with having organized a filibuster expedition in the United States in aid of Gen. Echague.

Capt. Duane, of the American ship *Lamque*, complains of an outrage to his boat's crew, and an insult to himself, committed by the officers of a Peruvian steamer.

TROUBLE AMONG THE MORMON WOMEN.—In one of his late speeches, the excellent and patriarchal Brigham Young alludes to the discontent among some of the ungrateful females of his flock. He says it may be necessary to call upon some of the sisters to go into the fields and raise potatoes and wheat while their husbands are defending Zion; but that there will be no compulsion about it. So soon as he learns that a woman would rather go to the enemy's camp than remain at home, he would send her there, but he will not warrant her safety on the way. "And why," said the holy man, "will I send them? I answer, so as to send them to hell as soon as possible."

"Brother Kimball counselled the sisters of gadding about, gossiping too much, and visiting on Sunday. He intimates that the devil is among the women, which we think very likely, or the poor things wouldn't be in Utah. The Elder seems to be sorely afflicted in his own domestic circle. He frankly says: 'I have one or two women that I cannot control, and never did; and I shall as soon try to control a rebellious mule as I shall control them. Do not quarrel, Brother Heber, says one. No, I do not; but when a woman begins to dispute with me, about nine times out of ten I get up and say, go, and then go off about my business; and if ever I am so foolish as to quarrel with a woman, I ought to be whipped, for you may always calculate that they will have the last word.'"

INFANT PERDITION.—An exciting scene occurred among the Congregationalists at North Woburn, Mass., a few weeks since. Alpheus S. Nickerson, a recent graduate at Andover Theological Seminary, made application to be admitted as an Evangelist in connection with the Congregational Church and Society of that village. The examination of the candidate was generally satisfactory to the council, except upon a single subject. Being questioned as to the salvation of infants, he expressed his unqualified belief in that doctrine. He did not know precisely how the thing could be accomplished consistently with other parts of his creed, but his confidence in the Divine justice and goodness satisfied him, he said, that it was impossible that those who had committed no actual sin could be eternally damned. He then, as a bequest to the Crown of Hanover, offered that bequest they were claimed, and her Majesty having submitted the claim to competent authority, its validity was admitted. The Crown of Hanover, however, has nothing to say as to the Regalia, which will remain as at present.—*Globe*.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—The *Platte Argus*, of the 20th ult., announces the arrival at Weston of Mr. Davidson, with advices from Utah to the 4th of December.

The troops connected with the expedition were engaged in making themselves comfortable for the winter. Their health was generally good.

There is no news from Capt. R. B. Marcy, of the 5th Infantry.

Mr. Davidson reports that there was no snow east of Fort Laramie, but plenty of grass, and

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE ARMY BILL.

THE KANSAS AND UTAH QUESTIONS.

SENATE.

On the 25th, the Chair presented a communication from the Secretary of War, giving the number of troops stationed in Kansas for protection, from the 1st of January, 1855, to the present time.

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, submitted a report in relation to Central American affairs.

The report reviews the whole case at length, and says in conclusion:

The law of 1794, equally with that of 1818, was founded on the wise policy to preserve the peace of the country and maintain amity and amicable relations with foreign States. It denounces its penalties only against those, whether citizens or foreigners, who, while within its jurisdiction, commit offenses against the laws, by secret and unlawful practices to wage piratical war against nations with whom we are at peace, and in most cases dishonoring the American flag, used for the purpose of shielding them in transportation. Were such things tolerated, it would be to commit the peace of the country to every restless and turbulent adventurer, who, unequal to the sober toil of peace, could find food for his ambition only in the license of the carnage, the rapine and the ravages of war. It would take the affairs of government in our foreign intercourse out of the hands of those to whom they are committed by the Constitution and laws, and leave them under the control or at the pleasure of unknown or irresponsible agencies.

The report concludes with the following resolutions:

First. Resolved, That no further provisions of law are necessary to confer authority on the President to make peace with any nation, or to make peace on the high seas for offenses committed against the neutrality law of 1818; the committee find that such power is necessarily implied by the terms of the 21st section of that act.

Second. Resolved, That the place where William Walker and his followers were arrested, being without the jurisdiction of the United States, their arrest was without warrant of law, but in view of the circumstances attending it, and its result in taking away from the territory and State in amity with the United States, American citizens who were there with a hostile intent, it may not be further necessary to amend the law, but it is recommended that the President be authorized to issue a warrant of arrest, to be served on the collector of the District of Columbia, to give immediate notice to the District Attorney and Marshal of their presence, together with the facts and circumstances which led to their arrest; and it shall be the duty of these officers to institute proceedings against them.

The subject was made the special order for the 9th of February.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, as a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, dissented from the report.

Mr. Foster, of Vermont, also of the committee, expressed his full concurrence in the general principles and propositions laid down in the report, but in so far as the report, either in express terms, or implication, imputed blame to Com. Paulding, he entirely dissented from it.

Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, expressed his concurrence in the report.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, called up the bill to increase the military establishment, which had been made the special order to-day, at 12½ o'clock.

After some remarks by Senators Fessenden, Douglas, and others, on motion of Mr. Wilson, of Mass., on the Army Bill, was postponed.

Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, from the Committee on the Judiciary, submitted a minority report on the contested seats of Messrs. Bright and Fitch, Senators from Indiana.

Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, addressed the Senate on Kansas affairs. He said he might have submitted the remarks he intended to make, on the bill proposed by Mr. Davis, with as much pertinency as the large majority of speeches are made before the Senate, because he supposed the leading reason for the passage of the bill to increase the army was to enable the President to enforce the Lecompton Constitution. There could be no other special reason for an increase at this particular time.

In alluding to the harmonious relations of the Democratic party, of attachment to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, he remarked that the President and those who agree with him, express their attachment to it, on the ground that it advocates non-interference, while the opposite faction laid it for the reason that it declares the people shall be left perfectly free to form and establish their institutions in their own way. While thus perfectly agreeing in their approbation of that bill, there was a vast difference in the measures they propose. To carry out the views of the President, would be, by act of Congress, to secure the organization of a Slave State in Kansas. But to adopt the views of the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas), and those who agree with him, would be to secure the organization of a Free State within the same limits, just as certainly as if Congress should enact that neither slavery or involuntary servitude shall exist north of 36° 30'. To submit that question to the fair vote of the people would be to annihilate slavery without ceremony; for it was known in advance that the people of the territory, by a large majority, were opposed to the existence of slavery. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the influence of the slave power on the government employees in Washington, remarking that none could expect to spend money in accordance with the northern sentiment without sacrificing their official positions. This power had also influenced business men and the learned professions. If a physician were called on to tie up the bleeding head of a Senator alluding to Mr. Sumner, he must make him secure the security for the assembly in order to preserve his professional interests. Even the artists on the government works knew their interests depend on their silence or acquiescence in the views of the dominant party. There was no place outside of the House or Senate where a man could speak freely, and even in the Senate it was a terrible peril, probably of sacrifice of health or life: Why was this? Because the title-slave property will not bear an analysis for the touch of reason. It ought to be maintained by virtue of the law of force, by the mere exercise of physical power. It can be maintained in no other way.

Mr. Polk, of Missouri, alluded to the fact that several Senators had quoted from Gov. Walker's letter, in order to prove that the delegates to the Lecompton Convention were elected by a minority of the people of Kansas. He had read a statement originally published in the St. Louis Republican, in allusion to Gov. Walker's statement, from Henry Clay Pate, and other members of that convention.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, asked whether Gov. Walker had not been in a situation to know the facts which he stated, and whether Stanton's statements in his message to the Legislature, were not to be relied on, against the newspaper statements of three or four individuals who were implicated in the very thing charged. The assertions of the persons alluded to by the Senator from Missouri (Mr. Pate) should be taken with the same allowance, on the one side, as those of Stanton on the other. Pate and Lane both went to Kansas for money. Pate's statements showed he was actuated more by personal feelings against Gov. Walker, than by a desire to enlighten the country at large.

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., said the persons to

whom reference had been made, contradicted the positive statements of Secretary Stanton and Gov. Walker, as well as all the facts known in Kansas, and as every intelligent man in the country. He was in Kansas during May and July last, and could assert that Walker's and Stanton's statements were absolutely true in every just sense of the word. The influence must, in some instances, because there were no officials to perform the duty. He then alluded to the election frauds in Kansas.

Mr. Davis said he was tired of hearing these allegations of fraud.

Mr. Wilson remarked that these frauds were notorious, and he was not surprised that Senators on the other side of the chamber were tired of them. All who justified or apologized for them ought to be held morally accountable before the country for so doing.

Mr. Davis asked whether the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Wilson) said that he was tired of hearing these allegations of fraud.

Mr. Wilson replied, that he did not so accuse the Senator. Frauds had been committed, and those who justify or excuse them ought to be held morally responsible.

On the 26th, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill for the admission of the State of Minnesota into the Union.

The bill was read and placed on the calendar.

A message was received from the House, announcing the deaths of Samuel Brenta and Jas. Lockhart, members from the 10th and 1st Districts of Indiana.

Messrs. Bright and Fitch, of Indiana, delivered eulogies on the characters of the deceased.

The usual resolutions of respect were adopted.

The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to increase the efficiency of the army.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., in reply to a question from Mr. Foster, of Vermont, said that the first section of the bill would add thirty companies to the army, or 2,250 men. If the second section is adopted, of course the number of men will depend upon the manner in which the army is posted. If posted as now, with the thirty companies to be added by the first section, the total increase will be nearly 7,000 men.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, said he would strike out the first section, as the increase in the army would be large enough as provided for in the second section, and that would be a more appropriate mode. While he should vote against the bill, he deemed it his duty to make it as good as he could before the troops were taken out of the country. According to the present constitution of the army, it was capable of being enlarged to nearly 18,000 men, and with the proposed increase would reach nearly 25,000. This number was altogether too large. He presumed the occasion for the increase asked for was an anticipated Mexican war, for it was not taken out of Congress, which alone could make war, had not yet declared war against Utah, and unless the country had undergone a silent revolution, the President could not make war; but if it should be a war, it must be exceedingly brief, and but temporary. If the troops were to be taken out of Utah, he should move an amendment that they should go out of service as soon as the war was over. This policy was pursued in the case of the Mexican war. The force of Brigham Young had been magnified. The same story had been told three or four times of the necessity of increasing the army to deal with the frontier, and as soon as the additional regiments were granted, we had peace. The regiments, however, were not to be got rid of, and were permanently fastened on the country.

Mr. Davis proceeded to show the necessity for the increase asked for. The army would amount to 11,356 men if these two companies were added. He preferred the plan of Mr. Calhoun to that of the present Secretary, namely, to have a skeleton in time of peace, capable of a sudden expansion in time of war. This is the most economical plan. The increase is not asked for the purpose of making a permanent army, but to have a skeleton in time of peace, capable of a sudden expansion in time of war. This is the most economical plan. The increase is not asked for the purpose of making a permanent army, but to have a skeleton in time of peace, capable of a sudden expansion in time of war. This is the most economical plan.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., favored the plan of the Committee rather than that of the Secretary of War, but thought it ought to be accompanied with a proviso, that when the present difficulties are settled, the extra force shall be disbanded, and it is in doing it, that the country is to be put down, and Congress should furnish the means to enable him to perform that duty. It would be very fortunate for the country if there be no necessity for the employment of troops after the war.

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Mr. Hale, of N. H., remarked that during the last year the Government expended about \$19,000,000 for military purposes, and there was a deficiency of upwards of \$7,000,000 more, making \$26,000,000 spent during the twelve months for military purposes in a time of profound peace. During the most expensive year of the war with Great Britain, the military expenses of the Government never reached as high as \$21,000,000. When he first took his seat in Congress, fourteen or fifteen years ago, the army cost one thousand dollars a man every year. This bill proposed to raise seven thousand additional men, which would saddle upon the Government a permanent army, at an annual expenditure of about \$12,000,000; and the idea that the army will ever go back and grow smaller, as long as we have got the money or credit to sustain it, was too absurd to be advanced by any sensible man. There were no back-sights when our Government was engaged to spend money. There might be a war, no matter how expensive, and then, when it was succeeded by peace, the expenses would go right on, steadily increasing. In his opinion, the President wanted this additional force to carry out "perfect freedom" and "popular sovereignty" in Kansas. He should, at the proper time, propose an amendment to the effect that the officers and men raised under this new levy shall be occupied only in the business of maintaining the Constitution and laws of Utah, and that when order shall be established there, they shall be disbanded. If this amendment is adopted, he would probably be able to support the bill.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, directed the attention of the Senate to New York (Mr. Seward) to the fact that, inasmuch as part of this increase was to be made to the present companies, it would be impossible to adopt such an amendment as he proposed, without breaking up the whole organization of the army. He contended it was necessary to use the military

force to secure the enforcement of the laws in Kansas.

Mr. Fessenden contended that the President had no authority to use the army or militia for the purpose of enforcing the laws of a Territory.

Mr. Davis briefly replied.

Without taking the question, the Senate adjourned.

On the 27th, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a resolution, authorizing the appointment of a commission to examine into the difficulties connected with affairs in Utah, and whether they can be settled without resort to force. Referred to the Military Committee.

Mr. Fitch, of Ohio, presented a series of joint resolutions passed by the Legislature of Ohio.

Mr. Wade, of Ohio, said they were disreputable in their character.

At the impatient demand of several Senators, they were read.

The resolutions express the entire confidence of the Legislature in the integrity and ability of the Chief Magistrate of the Territory. The Administration commands their cordial and undivided support, and reaffirm the doctrines of the Cincinnati platform. They regard the refusal of the Lecompton Convention to submit its Constitution to the people, as unfortunate for the peace of that country, and declare it to be their unqualified judgment, that every Constitution proposed by a new State of the Union, (unless otherwise directed by the people,) ought to be submitted to the bona fide electors of such Territory, for their approval or rejection; and conclude by instructing the Representatives and requesting the Senators from Ohio, to vote against the admission of the Territory into the Union, unless the Lecompton Constitution, or any other not clearly expressive of the will of the people.

Mr. Wade remarked that the reason why he stigmatized these resolutions as disreputable, was because they did not speak out with that manly independence, with which the Legislature of a sovereign State should always speak upon any question of sufficient importance to be presented upon any opinion at all. These resolutions endorse the President, and pledge themselves to support every jot and tittle of the Administration, when they intend to conclude, by instructing the Senators to go against the only great and dangerous enemy of the Territory, by declaring that they do not come directly to the question at issue, and with that calm dignity, which becomes a sovereign State, declare and announce their purpose and their will? Why go crouching like miserable slaves to the Administration, and hypocritically declare they have the fullest confidence in the integrity and ability of the President, when they mean to vote against his policy? Why not come directly to the question at issue, and with that calm dignity, which becomes a sovereign State, declare and announce their purpose and their will? Why go crouching like miserable slaves to the Administration, and hypocritically declare they have the fullest confidence in the integrity and ability of the President, when they mean to vote against his policy? Why not come directly to the question at issue, and with that calm dignity, which becomes a sovereign State, declare and announce their purpose and their will?

Mr. Toombs, of Ga., said there was no necessity for the passage of this bill on account of Indian hostilities, for there had not been an outbreak of Indians within the Territory of Kansas for twenty-five years past which was capable of fighting two thousand men. With regard to the Mormon troubles, he deemed it ridiculous to suppose that Brigham Young was able to compete with three thousand United States troops. He had said a man, now estimating that score. In alluding to the remarks of Mr. Iverson, yesterday, who said if it had not been for the troops in Kansas, the Abolitionists would have been exterminated—and to those of Mr. Chandler, who thought that if such had been the case, a fearful retaliation would have been visited upon the Mormons, Mr. Toombs remarked that he would not enter into any controversy on those points, but he would not vote to give a single man for the purpose of maintaining peace in Kansas, whoever might there hold power. Experience and history for the last forty centuries had demonstrated that the only way to maintain peace was by the sword. The peace only thus obtained was the cemetery of liberty. He would not maintain peace in Kansas on such terms, nor have order there at no such cost. If freedom could not be maintained among themselves, they were unworthy of the name of freemen. A regular army had always been the instrument of despotism. There was not a despotic government in Europe to-day which could stand ninety days without it. When Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of War, the expenses of the army were reduced two hundred and seventy dollars a man. Now, estimating only the legitimate expenses of the army, the amount to more than a thousand dollars each man per annum. He earnestly expressed his opposition to the regular soldiery, except so far as might be necessary for the common defense.

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in their own way. In the innocence of his heart, Brigham Young supposed that the family was a domestic institution, and under that interpretation, he had the right to either one or one hundred wives, as he pleased. If the Democrats propose to maintain their former doctrine of popular sovereignty and non-interference, and declare that they wish to intervene in Kansas, he would grant all the troops necessary to preserve order, but he thought the best way would be to employ a missionary to go to Utah alone, and explain to Brigham Young the views of the Government, for it was evident that he supposed the idea of non-interference by the Democratic Administration with the domestic institutions of a Territory was utterly groundless. He said, if it had not been for the troops in Kansas, border-ruffians would have been wiped out, and not only that, but a terrible account settled with some of the border towns of Missouri. If the Senator from Georgia desired to have the border settlements of Kansas, he could only vote accordingly.

Mr. Davis said that it must be evident from the tone of the debate, that much of the opposition to the bill sprung from a desire to foment civil war in Kansas, and he again spoke of the necessity for taking the question.

Several Senators expressing a desire to be heard, and the hour being late, the Senate adjourned.

On the 28th, Mr. Slidell, of La., from the select committee appointed to consider the banking system of the District of Columbia, reported a bill to prohibit the issue of bank notes by corporations, associations or individuals, and prevent bank notes from being issued within the District of Columbia, by corporations located beyond the limits of the District, of a less denomination than fifty dollars. The bill was made the special order for the second Tuesday of February.

Mr. Slidell also reported a resolution that the committee deem it inexpedient to authorize the establishment, either by general or special laws, of banks of issue within the District of Columbia.

The Senate then took up the bill to increase the army.

Mr. Toombs, of Ga., said there was no necessity for the passage of this bill on account of Indian hostilities, for there had not been an outbreak of Indians within the Territory of Kansas for twenty-five years past which was capable of fighting two thousand men. With regard to the Mormon troubles, he deemed it ridiculous to suppose that Brigham Young was able to compete with three thousand United States troops.

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Wit and Humor.

CAPTAIN GREEN'S ADVENTURE.

Story telling has always been a fruitful expedient to wear away the heavy time in the stage-coach, where, from the close proximity of the travellers, some degree of sociality becomes a necessity. I distinctly remember the sensation which the following "whopper" produced in the coach:

We were crossing the Alleghany Mountains, in the journey from Cumberland to Brownsville. On the front seat, where he could command the eyes and the attention of his fellow-travellers, sat Captain Green, as he was called by his companions, and which familiar address the rest of the passengers soon learned to adopt. One after another had told his story of the perils of the road, and Captain Green, who seemed to have a large fund of personal adventures to draw from, commenced upon his second narrative.

"I don't know as I ever was really frightened but once," he began. (The captain was a brave man.) "And that was in the western part of Tennessee, some years ago. I suppose, gentlemen, you have all heard of the notorious Hare! His scene of operations was once in this part of the country, and, for aught I know, he may have been concerned in the affair I am about to narrate; indeed, I am almost positive that he was."

"In this wild, mountainous part of Tennessee, there was a desperate—"

But then a stupid medical student, who sat by my side, interrupted the captain by suggesting that the western part of Tennessee was not wild or mountainous.

"Have you ever been there, my dear sir?" inquired the captain, a little sharply.

The student confessed that he had not; but for all that he had some knowledge of the topographical features of the State.

"You hear that, gentlemen," continued Capt. Green, with a bland smile. "He has never been there, and ventures to dispute the point with me, who have been there."

There was no gainsaying this argument, and the captain was allowed to proceed without further debate.

"There was a desperate gang of robbers in that part of the country, at the time of which I speak; so desperate that they never allowed a person, who was so unfortunate as to fall into their hands, to escape with his life. They killed and murdered without mercy and without discrimination. And not content to waylay the poor traveller on the road, they resorted to extraordinary expedients to lure him into their clutches."

"I had occasion, shortly after sundown, one day, to inquire my way, and the distance to the next tavern. I was told that it was three miles, but my informant warned me not to stop at the inn in question, for no man ever put up there who came out alive in the morning."

"I laughed at him, showed him my pair of double-barrelled pistols, and asked him if he supposed any harm was likely to come to me while I was thus armed. He assured me it made no difference how well a man was armed, that every traveller who put up at that tavern was sure to be murdered."

"Gentlemen, I am one of that sort, who, when there is any danger, like to get into the midst of it, if possible. In a word, gentlemen, I was not a man to run away from such a chance to expose myself. My road-side friend begged me not to peril my life, that the tavern had won the name of the 'Murderers' Inn'; and that I should certainly be murdered if I went there. I laughed at him and rode on, for I was on horseback at the time."

"In half an hour or so I rode up to the front door of the inn, and was received by as ill-looking a fellow as ever I laid eyes on in the whole course of my life. In reply to my inquiries, he said he could accommodate both me and my horse. So, taking my pistols from the box, I jumped out of the gig—"

"I thought you were on horseback," interrupted the pertinacious medical student.

"Did I say I was on horseback?" demanded the captain, with a look of injured dignity.

"Certainly you did."

"I beg your pardon, sir; you misunderstood me; and I particularly request that you will not interrupt me again."

"Go on," said half-a-dozen of the passengers.

"The man took my horse, and I proceeded to detach him from the gig—sir, and I beg you will understand me. They gave me a very good supper, and I then had a chance to see the landlady. I am sorry to say it, gentlemen, for I dislike exceedingly to speak ill of the sex, she was quite as ill-favored as her husband. I did not like the appearance of them. They certainly looked wicked enough to keep the Murderers' Inn."

"After supper I requested the landlord to show me my chamber, which he did. The house was only one story high, and my room was on the ground floor. After writing one or two letters, I concluded, as I was very tired, that I would retire. Before doing so I carefully examined the room, secured the door and window, so that no one could possibly enter the room without making considerable noise. My pistols then demanded a careful scrutiny, and to make sure I drew the old charges, and loaded them anew. I was satisfied then, and came man or devil, I should not have feared him."

"Placing my weapons so that I could readily grasp them in case anything happened, I lay down on the bed without taking off my clothes."

"I had no fears of anything, and in half an hour I was fast asleep. You can judge by that, gentlemen, how much effect the sombre warnings of my road-side friend had upon me; indeed, I had quite forgotten the caution before I went to sleep."

"How long I lay in this state of unconsciousness, I have no means of knowing, but I was suddenly awakened by a violent concussion, the jar of which gave me a dreadful shock. I started up in bed, pistol in hand. My bed was in the cellar of the house!"

"In the cellar?" gasped the student.

"I said so. The murderous scheme was in an instant laid bare to me. My bed had rested on a kind of trap-door, upon which I had been precipitated into the cellar of the house. By the side of my bed, stood two men, each with a glaring torch in one hand, and a long, bloody knife in the other. Gentlemen, I confess that I was a little frightened when I realized my situation."

"But, gentlemen, timidity is no part of my nature, and in an instant I recovered my self-possession. Elevating my pistol, I fired one

barrel at one of the assassins, and the other at the second. They dropped dead. Gentlemen, I never miss my aim, in such a desperate emergency as that was."

"Grasping one of the torches, which was not extinguished by the ruffian's fall, I proceeded to examine the subterranean apartment in which I found myself. In one corner, I found the mouldering skeletons of fifteen men, who had, no doubt, been basely murdered. I shuddered, gentlemen, and dropped a tear of pity over the unfortunate victims of the Murderers' Inn, for there are times, gentlemen, when tears are manly."

"I was not yet out of the scrape. How could I know but that there were a dozen more ruffians at hand, ready to despatch me? Besides, I felt uncomfortable. There I was, in the dark cellar—"

"I thought you had a torch," added the student.

"Don't interrupt me, sir," replied the captain, with dignity. "I groped about in the darkness, trying to find an outlet to the place, like Sinbad the Sailor, in the cave of the lions—"

"Just like Sinbad!" sneered the student, who had probably read that veritable story.

"Like Sinbad in the cave of the lions, I was alone with the dead."

"Sinbad was with the lions," added the student.

"Shall I proceed or not?" asked Captain Green, evidently disgusted by the stupidity of the student.

"Go on! go on!" chimed all the passengers.

"What could I do, gentlemen? There I was, in a dark cellar, with no garment on but my shirt—"

"I thought you didn't take your clothes off!" exclaimed the availing student.

"Whew!" said another passenger.

We could stand it no longer, and we all burst into a hearty laugh, which disgusted the captain, and he told no more stories during the journey.

MY FLORA.

A FASHIONABLE PASTORAL.

Tell me, Gentles, have you seen My Flora pass this way? That you may know the Miss I mean, Her beauty I'll portray.

No bonnet on her head, But on her neck she wears: An oyster-shell 'tis said, Its shape no eye can break, Its use is doubtful too; It imparts a barefaced look, And brings much cheek to view.

Her dress may please the swell For its swish exuberance: She looks a Monster Belle In such Big Ben expense. Those air-tubes filled with gas Might lift her to the moon; The small boys mark it as they pass, And screech out: "Ah! Hal-loo!"

A parasol she bears For ornament, not use: For comfort gloves she wears Too tight, and sleeves too loose. Behind her hangs a hood, Just level with her chin, An Indian Squaw might find it good To put a baby in.

Of her hair she shows the roots, She shows the rest concealed: And she's crippled by her boots With the military heel: Streets off you hear them stalk When'er she ventures out; And she seems to waddle more than walk, Her hoops so sway about.

Her figure may be good, But that no eye can tell; A mere lay-figure would Show off her dress as well. She may have ankles neat, But they're concealed by skirt, Which chiefly serves to hide her feet, And gather up the dirt.

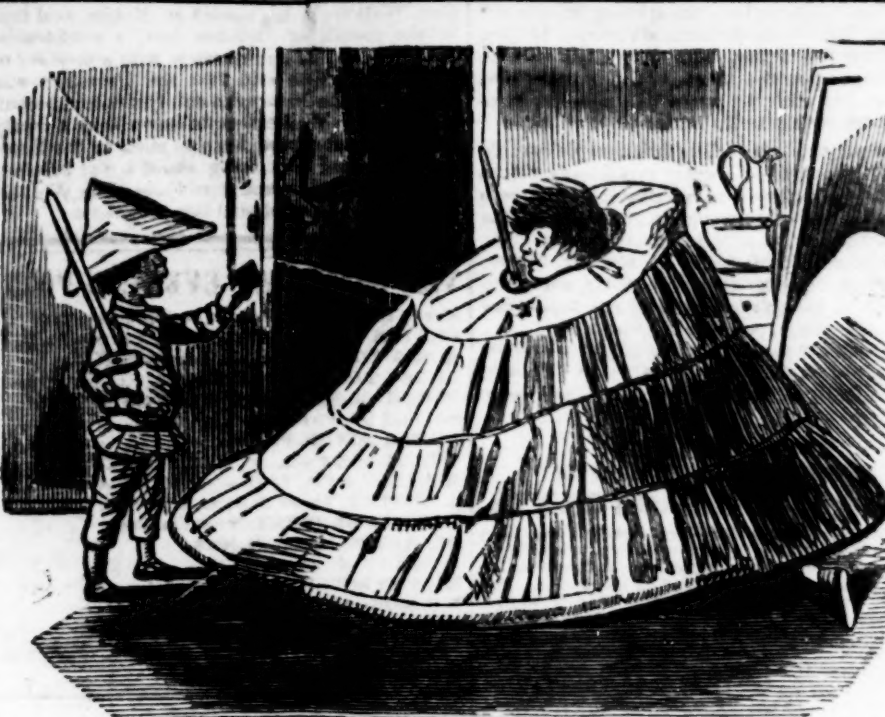
Then, Gentles, have you seen My Flora this way come? She cannot have unnoted been, She takes up too much room!

—London Punch.

A GRATEFUL CLIENT.—When Judge Anderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office, he visited a frontier county, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defence. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defence was "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the defence with great ability. He confused the witnesses, plavtered the court, and made an able, eloquent, and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted—he had not stolen the pistol. The council received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval in the hurricane of congratulations to take his counsel aside. "My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect ever to see you again; but to show that I appreciate your services, you shall have the pistol!" So saying, he drew from his pocket, and presented to the astonished attorney, the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

A NEW PROCESS.—A western correspondent, who avows himself to have been incited to exertion by the success of the "Hen-Persuader," has invented a "Mortar-and-Plaster-Mixing Machine," which, we think, must "come into general use." It is very simple; so are all great inventions. The plan, briefly stated, is as follows:—"First: procure a common mortar-bed; put in the component parts, such as are generally used; then add a little corn, the quantity of which is to be graduated by the quantity of mortar or plaster to be made. Then turn in a few swine; and by the time the corn is gone, the mortar will be ready for use. In making plaster, the swine should stay in over night, to allow time for removing the hair, which the lime will accomplish; thus saving the expense of purchasing that article. The swine can then be removed and slaughtered, without the expense of scraping; thus, together with the labor of mixing, saving at least one-third the cost of the old plan." How this may strike sculptors, masons, lath-and-plasterers, and others interested in plaster, mortar, etc., we of course cannot say; but to us, the invention seems quite a feasible one.—Knickerbocker.

Everybody likes polite children. Worthy persons will pay attention to such, speak well of their good manners, and entertain a high opinion of their parents. Children, make a note of this.



PLAYING SOLDIER.

JOHNNY.—When mother said we might go up in her room and play Soldiers in the Crimea, I guess, Frank, she didn't think we'd find such a stunnin' Tent as this is.

REASONS FOR WEARING CRINOLINE.—Extracted from a lady in the course of a quadrille.

"Well, I'm sure! What next, I wonder? But it's like you men. Inquisitive creatures! Talk of woman's curiosity! What is it to you, sir, why I wear my crinoline? Getting up statistics, are you? Well—if you're really serious—now promise you won't laugh—I don't mind telling you my reasons why I wear it. Yes, by all means, if you like. Take your pencil out, and write down from my lips just as I tell you."

"I wear crinoline, Mr. Curious, because Madame de Flouney assures me it's the Thing."

Who's Madame de Flouney? Oh, she's a French dressmaker, and her establishment's in Bond street, and she makes for Lady Dressington; and so, you see, she must know. Besides, she assures me it so much improves one's figure—especially when one's slim, as every genteel person should be. And, then, as Madame de Flouney says, it gives me such an air (no, it's not, you wretch! it's not blown out with the bellows!) and looks so distinguished. Though, to be sure, now one's own servants, as you say, have taken to it, there's not so much distinction in the wearing, but there ought to be. Still, as Madame de Flouney says, it certainly does set one off; and as that dear, dear Empress Eugénie doesn't mind the maid-servants, I don't see why we need."

"Besides, you know, everybody wears it now, and one must do as everybody else does; one looks so horribly affected else. And, I'm sure you gentlemen admire it. Oh, yes, you may now you don't, but I'm positive you do. There now! And then, you know, it's the Fashion. Only look at the fashion-books, and see what lovely wide dresses are drawn for us to copy in the pictures of Le Follet. Folly! No, Mr. Ignoramus, not folly, at all. Go and learn your French, sir!"

"Hides clumsy feet?" How can you be so rude! Ladies do not always like to have their ankles stared at. Oh, I dare say you meant nothing personal. But I'm sure it's very disagreeable to you, asking one such questions; and I've a great good mind to stop my tears, and not speak to you again, your odious wretch, you!—taking down one's words, and then taking one up so. Yes, you do. And I wish I hadn't said a word to you, you horrid man! Now, don't be so absurd, sir—let me take your arm. There's that Miss Jiggleton, I know, is quizzing us abominably. "Oh, how lovely cool it is! I do so love a conservatory; don't you? But I haven't told you my real reason, yet. You'd like to hear it? Well, then, if you'll promise not to tell—I wear my crinoline, Mr. Inquisitive, because I choose, sir! There now!"—London Punch.

THE WAY HE GOT OVER IT.—Among the first settlers of Kentucky was one John Drake, who was afterwards elected Justice of the Peace. Now John did not profess to be skilled in all the mysteries and intricacies of the law, neither did he think it necessary that he should be, for, as he understood it, his duty as squire was simply to preserve the peace and dispense justice, which he intended to do at all hazards, whether he did it legally or not. He had books containing the laws of the State of Vermont, and several decisions, forms of deeds, mortgages, warrants, etc., which were of much service to him in the discharge of his official duties. One day his neighbor A. came to him in great haste, saying he had missed a hand saw, which had probably been stolen, and suspected B. to be guilty of the theft, as he was the only man in the neighborhood who would be likely to do such a thing, consequently he wanted a search-warrant to search the premises of the said B. whereupon the squire turned to his books for a form of a search-warrant for a hand saw? He was quite sure he must have one somewhere, but after seeking for an hour, without finding anything about a hand saw, he concluded it must have been mislaid. However, he found something relative to stolen turkeys, which would answer every purpose, so he issued a search-warrant for turkeys, instructing A., at the same time, if he found the saw while looking for the turkeys, to take it, and it would be all right.

SURGEON'S IDEAS OF DANCING.—The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has discovered that dancing is a very healthy exercise, and to be commended, but it is the dancing of ladies with gentlemen that is so objectionable, and so he recommends that they practice the entertainment separately. We fear that this arrangement will not find much favor with either sex. A ladies' quadrille is pretty enough; but what shall be said of eight fellows with beards on their faces grimly doing L'Ete in pursuit of health and gratification?—L'Ete in pursuit of health and gratification?—L'Ete in pursuit of health and gratification?

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—It may be known sometimes by the fine nap it has during storm time.

Useful Receipts.

ECONOMY IN BOOTS.—How to make three pair of boots last as long as six and longer. The following extract is from Colonel Macerone's Seasonable Hints, which appeared in the Mechanic's Magazine, dated Feb. 3, 1848. After stating the utility of sheepskin clothing, for persons whose employment renders it necessary that they should be much out of doors, &c., he says:—

I will not conclude, without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet, and their boots from wear. I have only had three pair of boots for the last six years, (no shoes,) and I think that I shall not require any other for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner:—I put a pound of tallow and a half pound of rosin into a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warm the boots and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the sole or upper leathers will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take pol' to a teaspoonful of lampblack. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them the wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax, alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots or shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing in them cork soles—cork is a bad conductor of heat.

TO MAKE HENS LAY IN WINTER.—Provide: 1. A comfortable roost. 2. Plenty of sand, gravel, and ashes, dry, to play in. 3. A box of lime. 4. Boiled meat, chopped fine, every two or three days. 5. Corn and oats, best if boiled tender. 6. All the crumbs and potato parings. This treatment has proved quite successful, and hens which, without it, gave no eggs, with it immediately laid one each, on an average, every two days.

TO CLEAN SILKS, COTTONS, AND WOOLLENS.—Grate raw potatoes to a fine pulp in clean water, and in this state pass them through a coarse sieve into a separate vessel. Let this stand till the fine white particles of the potatoes be precipitated; then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the fecula, and preserve it for use. The article to be cleaned being laid on a linen cloth, on a table, dip a clean sponge in the liquor, and apply it to the same till the dirt is perfectly separated; then wash, or rinse it in clean water several times. For a pint of water two middling sized potatoes are enough. The coarse pulp which does not pass through the sieve, is of great use in cleansing worsted curtains, tapestry, carpets, and other coarse goods. The mucilaginous liquor will clean all sorts of silk, cotton, or woollen goods, without injuring the color; it may also be used in cleansing oil paintings, or soiled furniture. Mixed with a little fine sand, it will clean painted wainscots.

HINT ABOUT TEA-MAKING.—I had a large kettle made, holding eight quarts, and put a coffee filter to it. I then placed the ration of tea for about twenty men in the filter, poured in the boiling water, and to my astonishment, made about one-fourth more tea, perfectly clear, and without the least sediment. This, reader, I claim more as a happy thought than an invention; but I always had an idea that tea should be suspended in the water instead of being allowed to fall to the bottom.—Soyer's Campaign.

TO PREVENT HORSES FROM "BALLING."—A blacksmith—an old acquaintance of mine—says a piece of sheet-iron (old stove pipe will answer the purpose) placed between the shoe and the hoof, will prevent the snow from adhering to the feet, and thus remedy that sore evil to teamsters—"balling."—Prairie Farmer.

TO CURE CHAPPED HANDS OR FEET.—To cure chapped hands or feet, which are so common in spring and fall, wash them clean, dry them before the fire, and then rub them over with vinegar. When the surface is dry, wash the acid off again with clear warm water, and when dry, apply to the chapped parts cream; but if it cannot be had, milk may be substituted with good effect. Rub two or three coats over the parts affected, and dry it before the fire. The pain will be relieved at once, and the sores will immediately heal up. Those who are in the habitual use of lye, potash, or any other corrosive substance, will do well to remember this.

HERETICS.—James Lainez, a Jesuit, wrote to Faber, another of the same order, then employed in converting German heretics to the Roman Catholic faith, for some rules to direct the Society how to proceed with them. Faber returned a sensible answer, and laid down the following rules:

1. Sincerely love heretics yourselves.

2. Engage them by your behavior to love you. This was certainly good advice, worthy to be attended to by Protestants as well as Roman Catholics.—Cope's Anecdotes.

Agricultural.

ROOFS.

The roofs of all farm-buildings are an important consideration. Shingles made out of pine, cedar, chestnut or oak, are better for farmers than slate, or tin, or zinc, or lead.

Good chestnut shingles cut from old timber will last a long time on roofs which are properly shaped. As to pine, we want that from old swamp trees. It will last for an age or two on well-framed roofs. We actually know of roofs which now turn water well, though the shingles (swamp pine) were put on fifty-five years ago.

In regard to the direction of the roofs, we have often stated that the ridge pole—or ridge where there is no pole, should run as nearly north and south as circumstances will permit. In cities you cannot often have a choice, but in the country the case is different, as you have more room.

When one side of the roof lies directly to the sun, the shingles may be warped too much—yet they last longer than those on the back side, or north side, for these often hold water for weeks in succession, and they rot and let the water through.

More roofs become leaky for the want of the sun, and of a dry air, than such as are so shaded that they are seldom dry. Roofs that face east and west have the sun on both sides during the day; and you will find that the shingles on the east side will last longer than those on the west, because they have the advantage of a morning sun. They are sooner dried, as the morning sun is famous for taking off the dew that is dropped on the roofs through the night, long before the western slope is aware of its approach.

The modern fashion of making broad wings to the roofs of buildings is of no service in our view, except in case of hurricanes—such as we had in 1815, and in later years. Such gusts seem quite partial to the roofs, leaving the main body of the building to be covered again, and in a better manner.

The boarding of a roof should never be so close as to prevent a free circulation of air under the shingles. Many carpenters put on strips four inches wide and leave four inches open.

Good shingles fourteen or fifteen inches long may as well be laid six inches to the weather as four and a half inches, and they will last longer as they are sooner dried after a storm.—Mass. Ploughman.

A FEAT IN CULTIVATION.—Mr. Richard Corke, of Maidstone, (Eng.) recently laid four wagers that by his system of cultivation he would produce more Grapes, Melons, Cucumbers, Strawberries, and Vegetable Marrows, or in fact any vegetable whatever, than could be done by another in the ordinary way, and won them all easily. These wagers originated in a conversation taking place in the company of several gentlemen, one of whom had presented Mr. Corke with some eyes of Grapes and some Vegetable Marrow seed of fine quality. On making inquiry how they answered, Mr. Corke asserted that the canes of the Vines would average more than 20 feet before the year came round, having been planted October 25, 1856, and planted out in a new hot-house just finished building on March 7, 1857. At first Mr. Corke wished to decline the wager, as he told the gentleman he must win to a certainty. Being however pressed, he accepted a bet for two rods to average 90 feet. This they considerably exceeded, and at the same time three other bets were made respecting the Vegetable Marrow, Mr. Epps and Mr. Bunyard, the well-known horticulturists, being appointed to survey and watch progress. The stem of the Vegetable Marrow was 8 inches round; its bine, together with leaves and stems, measured upwards of 8,000 feet, the water being that Mr. Corke would not produce more than 1,600 feet. Upwards of 400 fruit were cut from this Leviathan Marrow plant. This discovery will be made public in a treatise nearly completed. Mr. Corke's plan is so simple that a mere child after some slight instruction could produce the same effect.—J. G. Lomax, in Gardner's Chronicle.

CUTTING POTATOES.—The practice of cutting potatoes, is adopted by many as a matter of economy. Experience, however, seems to have established, that the practice has an injurious influence upon the crop, especially when the planting is early, and the soil and weather cold. Last season, in order to test the thing, I tried several experiments, the results of which were in every case in favor of the uncut seed. The method adopted was as follows:—Two rows of cut potatoes were planted in the centre of a piece—the tubers being divided as nearly in the centre as practicable—and two pieces allowed to each hill. This was tried on four different pieces of the vegetable, and each piece in a different field. On digging the roots, it was found that the yield of the cut rows was less by one-tenth, by weight, than that of the uncut ones, and in point of size, a still more marked difference. I never plant the smallest or the largest potatoes, but select those of medium size, and allow two potatoes to the hill.—Corres. of Germantown Telegraph.

LIME FOR POTATOES.—A correspondent, Smith Groom, of Troy, N. Y., informs us, that his experience in the culture of potatoes has convinced him that about a handful of dry slacked lime placed in each hill tends to prevent the potato rot. The lime, he states, brings the potatoes earlier to maturity, and imparts to them a vigor which resists the attacks of the disease. An experiment with lime can be conducted by any of our farmers at a small expense, and if it does not prevent the potato rot, the lime will certainly enrich the soil for other crops.—Scientific American.

CARROTS ON THE SAME GROUND EVERY YEAR.—Our esteemed correspondent, H. H. Taylor, of East Rodman, Jefferson county, N. Y., says:

I have raised carrots four years in succession on the same land, and believe it best to set apart a piece of land for this purpose, if manure can be obtained to put on every year free from all kinds of weed seeds. The longer you grow carrots on the same ground, the cleaner and mellowier it will be, provided they are properly cultivated.—Genesee Farmer.

Sydney Smith says that "people often imagine themselves pious when they are only bilious." Sydney ought to have known the difference between a Serious disposition and a Serious indisposition.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 41 letters.

My 37, 29, 17, 9, 23, 24, is an elephant-headed god who is invoked on every occasion by the Hindoos.

My 30, 24, 8, 35, 38, 24, 25, is a palm which grows in the East, whose leaves are each thirty feet in breadth.

My 36, 5, 34, 33, 24, 14, 37, 8, 29, 17, 6, is a small oval about the size of a pea, situated in the centre of the brain, and is found to contain, even in children, some particles of gravel.

My 1, 3, 16, 30, 12, 27, 18, 1, 15, 40, is usually known as the laughing philosopher.

My 15, 13, 37, 26, 8, was a king who reigned in the seventeenth century, and was famous, among other things, for nearly exterminating wild beasts from the region of Hindostan.

My 13, 32, 35, 28, was a poet exiled for life to the shores of the Black Sea.

My 22, 4, 24, 41, 13, 11, 30, 10, 29, 41, 15, 11, fired the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, solely to make himself a name.

My 2, 3, 4, 11, 12, 21, 31, 8, 14, was a noted astronomer.

My 24, 10, 30, 12, 36, 30, was a distinguished Roman.

My whole is a source of delight to many young Americans.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 7, 4, was one of Noah's sons.

My 2, 9, 4, is a small worm.

My 3, 5, 8, is part of a horse.

My 4, 7, is a word used in speaking to a parent.

My 6, 9, 8, is a word denoting anger.

My 6, 7, 4, is a sheep.

My 7, 1, 10, is an interjection.

My 8, 9, 10, 11, is necessary to young ladies.

My 9, 7, 6, is part of the head.

My 10, 3, 4, is part of the body.

My 11, 4, 8, 9, 3, is a color used in painting.

My whole was an eloquent orator of France.

A. H. W.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 22 letters.

My 15, 5, 2, is part of your apparel.

My 20, 24, 29, is an animal.

My 25, 30, 30, 18, 28, is another name for a fool.

My 27, 16, 13, 27, 28, is a name for a man at a certain time.

My 4, 16, 8, 9, 28, is a female name.

My 10, 7, 6, 13, is the propelling power of some vessels.

My 14, 30, 13, 27, 28, is an intoxicating drink.

My 11, 17, is a present.

My 12, 31, is an adjective.

My 22, 23, 30, 21, is something we see in winter.

My whole is an old proverb.

Wheeling. YOUNG AMERICA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He was sitting and alone, With my first upon his head, While around the wind did moan As if sighing for the dead. Thinking of a time when he— Free from every care and sorrow— Did not dream that there might be Trouble for him on the morrow.

He had loved a gentle maid, And she vowed to be his wife; Ah, how fondly he had prayed She would be his light and life: They were happy in their love, And their plans together reckoned, For the sphere in which to move When the priest had made my second.

But alas! for human hope! Death, education, claimed his bride, And left him with grief to cope. Till my whole he laid beside. She hath gone to that bright home, There to sing her Maker's praise; He is sitting and alone, Thinking of departed days.

GAHNEW.

CHARADE.